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TO CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY OTTMER H. ROTHACKER.

Farewell! we have no words of praise to utter,
No laurels for thy head—
There is no crown thou hast not won already,
No compliment unsaid.

The plaudits of the world that ring around thee
Have been thy rightful meed,
And all Columbia doth send its greeting,
And cry aloud "God speed!"

Queen of the tragic art! Long have we hailed thee
With pride, our first and best—
We gloried in thee when the Old World honored
A daughter of the West.

New stars can never dim thy name's bright radiance,
Nor envious years can stale
Thine art, that like old wine doth grow in value,
Whose charm can never fail.

Thou standest on a grander stage of history,
Thine hands have grasped the prize—
Time cannot ring thy curtain down to hide thee
From our admiring eyes.

THE SWORDSMITH OF TOLEDO;

OR, THE

SONS OF TUBAL CAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED.

The wreck, careening over also, as the water rushed in at the most serious aperture, described strange lurching and pitching motions, rendering it difficult for anyone to keep his feet. The fire had seized the rigging and converted them into paths by which to turn the sails, already dried, into sheets of flame. All the upper tackle came down in burning patches and shreds. The few who clung to the griffin—for most had taken to the water—stumbled frantically over the dead and dying, blinded by the smoke, deafened by the hissing of steam, and maddened by their terror.

Once a stunning report again split the air. The gun which Yussuf had trailed forward had been overheated, and went off with the effect of battering away the remaining uprights of the forecastle.

The old renegade himself, seeing all was lost, had returned into the cabin. The frenzied women were continuing to run to and fro, or had thrown themselves on the cushions, weeping and tearing their hair. On hearing his entrance, two or three looked round in a faint hope of beholding a rescuer; but one glance at his face, bronzed into impassibility, was sufficient. They fell back into utter despair.

Meanwhile, Yussuf found the steersman, stricken with terror, holding the helm in his palsied hands. He roused him from his stupor, and the two cleared away the long, narrow but capacious boat which hung under the stern. It was time. Before they had fairly entered it the Black Griffin broke in two, and with a fearful double explosion of the air it put up in the hold, which finished the disruption of the hulk, nearly every plank and bulkhead seemed to fly asunder. In a moment the waves were eddying around a horrible vortex, wherein spun dead bodies, burnt and agonized wretches, and fragments of smoking wood. Shreds of the sails fluttered as blackhawks in the air, till they too fell upon the ruffled bosom of the deep.

So violent a shock was given to the boat that Yussuf was thrown on his knees, and the steersman was hurled over the gunwale. A drowning man seized him with sharklike savageness and tenacity, and, despite his efforts, he was drawn, shrieking, below the surface.

Of all the struggling survivors of the wreck, Yussuf alone retained his coolness. Even this terrible snatching-away of the living man by his side did not make him wince. Even the sight of the unfortunate captive women, who had gone down the whirlpool with the poop of the vessel, but now rose to the air, did not cause him to turn and try to take them in. On the contrary, expanding all his strength to propel the long boat, and all his skill to steer clear of the desperate swimmers, he sculled away with the assurement of the single oar known to the Genoese sailors long before the screw propeller was foreshadowed.

Yussuf's aged but undimmed eyes had espied the comparatively open space to leeward, where something more than the ordinary endurance of the slaves and pirates to keep above water was going on.

When the Englishman had taken Hassan by the throat and carried him overboard, the shock had for the moment disabled the latter. They sank. By the time they rose, the corsair had become painfully aware of what he had done to himself, and he would be strangled as piteously as a poulterer wrings a pigeon's neck.

It was impossible for him to loosen, much less remove, those tightening hands. All the captain could do he hastened to perform. While with his right hand he strove to unwind the rigid fingers, he drew his fine Malay creese from his girdle, and executed a circling stab which drove the thin, snakelike blade in at the back of his antagonist to his very heart. The two again sank, as the Englishman shook convulsively in a death-throe.

Yussuf gave a cry of despair. He waited on his oar, for it seemed as if neither would appear again. A loud laugh of triumph resounded over the waves and aroused him. Upon his spar, Johan had beheld the obstinate battle of his late fellow-slave and their tyrant, and rejoiced at the issue the latter again gained.

Suddenly, a few yards aloe, one head appeared above the water. It was rare to see another join the swimmers, for most who sank, weakened by wounds, overweighted by arrows, rose no more. A streaming hand waved aloft a dagger from which the water had not washed all traces of Ralph's blood. It was Hassan, victorious. Yussuf shouted cheerily and bent his yellow arms to the oar.

But Hassan did not turn and seek to be picked up by the boat. On the contrary, he swam vigorously in the opposite direction. He had perceived the girl Isabel on the spar and barked and thirsted for the joy of vengeance made him proof against fear of drowning.

Before him were two of the Nubian slaves. Tightly clothed, born on the banks of Nile, they seemed but to have been restored to their native element.

"Thither, thither!" hissed Hassan to them, holding his knife between his teeth. "Upon that spar we can maintain ourselves till Al Hakim takes us within the boat."

As much afraid, even in the water, of their captain, as eager for support, the two blacks redoubled their efforts; and though Hassan gained upon them hand over hand, they still bade fair to reach the maiden and her rescuer before him.

Johan saw well what was their aim, and he ground his teeth in impotence of rage, and clenched his hands in concert with Isabel, uncovered by the now rising breeze, gazed fixedly upon the on-comers, determined to fall not again into the villain's power, but ignorant how to avoid that mishap.

On came the three corsairs. Behind them, still avoiding even the remainder of his own crew, Yussuf manfully plied the oar.

Suddenly, A shriek of a woman rent the dark nightair, and the groans of men formed the basso part to that hideous solo of the soprano.

The sharks! Reinforced by their mates, and no longer haunted by the fire, already quenched by the waves, they were among the swimmers, and daintily selecting their prey.

The Nubians stopped, and looked nervously about them. With an oath Hassan dashed past them, swimming overhanded like a dog, when abruptly he, too, recoiled, and uttered a howl of affright.

A huge body, half black, half white, had rushed towards the three corsairs so closely that the chief was actually shouldered aside and hurled back as if a fly had been struck by an elephant at gallop.

He was blinded by a shower of spray, and shaken to and fro by the broken water plowed up by the shark as it seized one of the Nubians and carried him down into unknown depths below. A long streak of bubbling blood marked the phosphorescent water, and fascinated while it horrified the eye. The second slave, turning ghastly pale under his black skin, floated half dead on the frothing wave.

Meanwhile the boat approached.

Johan, with the head of the heart between the two perils, nevertheless slipped off the spar and bravely prepared to defend the girl against either the monster of the deep or the monster pirate.

The blood left trailing from the unfortunate Nubian served as a guide to the rest of those tigers of the sea. Their black fins seemed to bristle up as numerous as the swimmers' heads themselves.

All was gloom, save when they churned the waves into phosphorescence, and a white, ghostlike glimmer shone fitfully about on frightened faces, and the sharks' snowy bellies turned upwards as they took a man into their maw.

Recovered from his dismay—for in his superstitious mood the rover was prone to believe that the elements had combined to destroy as well all his followers as every vestige of his ship—Hassan again forbore to be helped by Yussuf, and sprang forward, knife in hand, to attack the Spaniard.

He, too, advanced, to meet Hassan, and perhaps to fight with him for the knife, when Isabel emitted a scream of terror, and flung herself daringly off the bow of the oar so as to place herself before Johan.

At the same instant, a second shark, eighteen or twenty feet long, leaped out of water under the bows of Yussuf's boat, and surged heavily upon Hassan. Instinctively, the latter stabbed at him, but the steel bent without perforating that impenetrable hide, and the next minute a sheet of water covered the corsair from view, and a wave fell within the boat and threatened to swamp it. Upon that wave, bewildered, unable to move a limb, Isabel, the Nubian and Johan, as well as the spar, were riding.

As for Hassan, a stifled cry of rage and pain was muffled by the closing waters. The shark had carried him below.

Although the shock of being dashed into the boat had wellnigh rendered Johan senseless, the emergency lent him a certain factitious strength. Mechanically, he scrambled to his knees and seized the old pirate by the waist. In vain the latter's attempts to keep his footing. The young man had been resting on the spar, and now his nerves were those of a lion. While Isabel crouched down in the bow of the boat, drenched like a mermaid, and the Nubian lay athwart the gunwales, half in, half out, unable to move, stunned and affrighted, Carillo succeeded in lifting up his enemy and hurling him into the sea.

"Heavy with curses, you scoundrel!" said he. "May they sink you like your mate."

But as he saw Yussuf remain afloat, and swim as vigorously as a younger man, he grasped the broken sweep which had been so helpful to him and the Norman girl, and flung it at the old pirate's head.

Luckily for the latter, the wish was stronger than the arm to act it out, and the spar fell harmlessly beside the renegade, with a splash.

"Arouse thee!" continued Carillo, seizing the black slave by the shoulder, and dragging him up into a standing position. "Here, dog! warm thyself by plying the oar!"

And, clapping the oar into his hand, he forced him to work while returning to consciousness.

All this time, the fragments of the wreck, the now lamentably few survivors, and the rest of the drift, were being carried northeasterly by the offshore wind. That was in the Spaniard's favor.

He bade Isabel be of good cheer, wrung out her clothes, sat her in the stern, and covered her with his own outer garments. He fished up some lengths of spars, and some scraps of but partly charred sailcloth, and speedily rigged up at the fore a vague apology for a sail. Better, however, than nothing, and than what most landsmen could have contrived.

Isabel's eyes wistfully studied the dreary darkness. Yussuf had disappeared; or rather his head, if he remained afloat, must have been confounded with those of the dead men plentifully blotting the surface. The sharks had finished what the water and wounds had spared. Not a soul was left to be rescued. In twenty minutes, the longboat, under the combined powers of the sailful of wind and the paddling of the Nubian and Carillo, had left the scene of the disaster well astern.

Suddenly Isabel clasped her hands in gratitude and knelt to pray. Dead ahead a long silvery line gleamed beautifully between the slate-blue sky and the ravenblue waters. It was morning. An hour later, and the roseate horizon reflected untold loveliness up in the Eastern sky.

On the western edge of the bowl, which the sea seemed to represent, the three in the boat beheld several black specks standing upon the lighted ruin, like fangs in a witch's lower jaw. These were the Algerines putting out to sea, alarmed and perplexed in the morning about the fire and explosions heard on the water.

But the boat, in the auroral wind, was too rapidly nearing the Spanish coast to fear capture now.

Isabel herself perceived this, and exchanged with her deliverer a look of joyful thankfulness, in which already perhaps was being revealed the growing influence which was to bind those two hearts together throughout their eventful lives. Love!

CHAPTER III.

THE SWORDMAKERS' MILL.

One year after the incidents related, in June, over the chalky road from Madrid—dry as dust, thanks to the *solano* or African wind—two men were trudging.

The vineyards were aglow in the afternoon sun, and the hitherto pasturing, and now unmurmurable flocks of sheep seemed to promise them little herbage in that district around Toledo, "The Mother of Peoples," where little or no rain falls. Thither the two men were proceeding, regardless of that being the time of day when the true Spaniard seeks shade and rest. The pair were so famished by the sun of even a still hotter clime, that their blackened skins may have been quite impervious to the heat, just as their eyes were to the glare from the ruddy hills, where the jasmine and scrub-orange could not flourish, and their bodies to the fine scorching dust which drifted within their ragged clothes. For they were tatterdemalion in good sooth. Not the meanest begging friar would have touched their least worn and greasy rags with holy St. Dunstan's tongs. In that day, when lepers were shot down to prevent their nearing houses, these men justified warning-off from towns at the cannon's mouth. Much had they walked on reaching it, to say confidently, and indeed the elder of the two smiled as the nearness of the Tagur River became visible in an increase of green patches on the parched plain, and in the sight of one or two good-sized trees actually thrusting up their singed heads towards the brazen sky.

"I know it all again, my son," he suddenly exclaimed, after a wary look along the deserted road, to make sure they were its only occupants. "Have courage, Hassan! Though twenty years have passed since last again in full blood-red sunset on the crest of the Guadalupe Mountains, I am sure, knowing man, that some of my old associates exist—aye, and flourish! My chosen comrades are not the doltish rogues to die!"

"But don't bristle up like a boy expecting a cake," growled his companion, a man of perhaps a little over thirty, but prematurely aged by disappointed passion and exceeding suffering, in some measure accounted for by the sight of his one wooden leg. This was just such a wretched substitute for nature as might have been expected in a period when wealthy monastic houses and princely mansions kept all that was really artistic in constant work at starvation prices. A stump of wood and nothing more, feruled with iron. The like club of Hercules the sturdy beggar carried lightly in his strong hand as a walking-staff or weapon. "Will you never remember my loss of limb, my father?"

"Hassan, I don't forget. If I have led you hither, it is because I know of no place in all the world where artificers of worth are more plentiful. Within those walls which we shall see in an hour's time, and which have been built expressly to guard against Carolinus, the smiths are many, skilled and artful. I warrant you, you shall have a mock leg as good as your first, for spurning a conquered foe or pursuing a flying one.

"It is well, Yussuf, my father; I am in your hands. When I was dragged to the depths of ocean by that demon-fish, who but you had the daring to follow me, and tear me from the fiend? As if you had the spell to overcome sharks like men, you drove the whole shoal from their prey. Losing my leg and losing blood till my very heart seemed drained dry, where would I have been in ten minutes but for you? In Paradise, amongst the houris, to whose number I have added, praise to the Spirit of the Black Griffin!" added the ex-corsair with a grim smile. "But even in the water you found means to buoy up yourself and me, while binding my wound; and when our friends from shore approached, they found us, of all Al Sanka Aswad's fearless crew, the sole alive. Ah! father, had I gone down there, my defeat would have been shameful! my soul would be undergoing untold tortures at this moment, while now I am sustained by the hope of revenge!"

"The promise!" said Yussuf, with a gleam like sunlight on copper irradiating his aged, vulture-like visage.

"The promise, then! Oh, why do I drag this maimed body but to near the goal—to reach that Spanish rebel and the bold girl who bearded me, who flung me into the shark's maw. Yussuf, father, I must glut myself to satiety in that revenge, or better I had never been born!"

"You shall, my son. While you were recovering from your wounds, I was not idle. Out and about for months, I soon traced the fugitives from sport to sport. They landed, and sent the Nubian about his business. He was imprisoned by the Inquisition at the port, and from him I learnt all that portion of the story. Thence, stage by stage, I traced the hated couple on, on to the Guadiano River. There I learnt that they had been threatened with arrest as beggars, and had taken to a boat on the Guadiano. No more, no more, indeed; but they are alive, believe me; for I have drawn your life-map, and it says you are to meet the authors of your late disaster still again!"

He uttered these words with the fervency of an astrologer devout in his belief.

"Yes," said Hassan firmly, "that will be; and your magic art is not needed, father."

"My magic art is not a jest!" said Yussuf, fancying that his adopted son and disciple somewhat preferred his own instinctive prophecy by feeling, to the old man's reading of the future. "There, mark!"

In the distance southwest of them an eminence loomed up, glittering with irregular protuberances—it was Toledo. Nearer, upon another height, a formidable mass of ruins broke the outline.

"Ah!" said Yussuf, clasping his claw-like hands, "Is it so, so? Has this proud palace met the fate predicted? Oh, Hassan!"

The two stopped. The corsair wondered at the other's deep emotion; for if there was anything of sentiment in the renegade, it was only his real sympathy with the rover, whose cruelty charmed him, whose love of rapine delighted him, and who perhaps mirrored himself at that same age.

"The grandest castle that, my son, between Madrid and Biscay, as I knew it. I was chaplain's boy there many years ago. When King Ferdinand died, in '16, I was not only chaplain myself, but companion of Hernan, Count of Toledo, rich with a hundred thousand escudos (crowns) a year—lord, like the king, over the two hundred thousand people in the township—an empire in itself. Together we pursued forbidden studies."

A weird light gleamed in the cavernous eyes of the speaker, as they gazed up at the overgrown ruins, where the hawk and the owl held rule, and Hassan's attention was enwrapt as he leaned on his cudgel.

"The Count had been inducted into alchemy at the University, where the celestial science was openly taught, and we, with riches to support our experiments, searched earth's mysteries to their uttermost threatened to unfold, the Count wavered. His brother Diego, however, urged on by me, in turn prevailed on my lord. But each day he grew more sick of our trifling with our souls' salvation, and at last flew into a rage with me, and I was whipped out of the castle like a lizard."

Hassan ground his teeth in sympathy, but his master remained unmoved, save for an increase of the baleful light in his undimmed eyes.

"With aching bones, I crouched down in the dust, not far from this same spot, and traced in the sand the tale told by the stars. I saw with joy that a dense, almost impenetrable cloud was to prevail over his orb, and I continued my flight satisfied."

"What! not revenged?" cried the corsair, clutching his staff tightly.

"What could a clerk do against a lord hedged in with five hundred fighting men? I shot mine arrow—the clerk's arrow—the priest's weapon, that kills you surer than bullet of the Harquebuse. I wrote to his brother the horoscope. I knew, none better, that he thirsted for the estate that a few months earlier than his own had robbed him of, and my assurance of his right to hope fired his ambition. Three or four years after, the Count Hernan allied himself with Pedro Giron, Captain-general of the Commons, who flew to arms to free Queen Joanna, and when they were defeated the Count was slain, so men said, and his vast estate handed over to his brother, who had aided the King in the rebellion. The Count in Diego of Toledo, if that man lives this day."

"Perhaps not," remarked the corsair, as they tramped on anew. "But why not have asked the vineyard men pwassed?"

"Because soon enough will come such evil news as his death, if it must come. But I believe all is well, and that my proudest foe is master of this lovely, this magnificent city that you now behold!"

Already, indeed, they had passed the ruined castle of the ancient Counts of Toledo, and before them rolled the first of the four hundred miles of the Tagus. Around it, with the Black Griffin had often ten triumphantly sailed. A bridge of four narrow, tall arches led to the Madrid Gate, a solid tower, not easily stormed where it stood on the steep banks. In a straight line on the height of the semicircle which the river described around three sides of that venerable town, once a colony of the Romans, and a Jewish settlement before that, loomed up innumerable spires, turrets, pinnacles in the Moorish taste, and towers.

Around the palace, the cathedral, the churches, the monasteries, the nobles' dwellings, a number of less pretentious buildings huddled as the sheep do around the watchdogs. On the slope towards the stream, the houses became smaller and poorer, save the few encircled by gardens, rich in fruit-trees, owned by wealthy burghers. The city walls ran along the brow of the high bank fronting the water-side. Outside of them, united only in part by the wars to expel the Saracen, and never repaired, only three or four houses existed. In those troublous times in the heart of Spain, only a very daring family, a very poor one or a very dishonest one, dared abide outside of the fortifications. Nevertheless, the great scarcity of that nutritious region being water, several artisans had been tempted to set up mills upon the edge of the Tagus. In particular, due south of the cathedral, an important but low line of buildings, built like a fort of stone and brick, surrounded a square tower, whereon a large wheel was slowly turning. It was a sword-smithy, the germ of all that enterprise which in our days, the secret of tempering having been rediscovered, redeems Toledo from total eclipse.

"Come on!" said Yussuf abruptly. "Let us enter the town whither I came, fifty years ago, to seek my fortune as the priestling! We enter it in rags—let us issue bedecked as princes!"

So saying, he hurried on, excited for once beyond his wont, so that his lame companion had much difficulty in following him close. Luckily, the road took a downhill course in order to reach the bridge. This was a hundred feet high, and the Tagus gurgled in the narrow shadow cast on the running waves. Between the two bridge-towers, fortified with heavy *rakers* and falcons grinning out of the loopholes, the gateway yawned.

Under its keystone-carved and painted with the city arms, Yussuf beheld Emperor holding a sword and a globe—a group of soldiers were standing. These were the city guard, without whose leave nobody could enter or depart.

But Yussuf marched straight along the bridge and at the gate, without even a good-day or a respectful salute to the officer, in the full blaze of the sun-plate, who presided over the throng. In his turn, the officer, reckoning up at a glance that the twain of beggars could pay but feeble tribute to the Archbishop and the Count-governor or the town magistrates, all of whom paid taxes, shrugged his shoulders contumelliously, and turned to windward of the disagreeable pair. The troopers, no wise desirous of rubbing elbows either, made way haughtily in the same manner.

"D'ye see?" remarked Yussuf in Spanish, which he and his companion hereafter employed, for Arabic was a dangerous tongue to use where the Inquisition more or less potently reigned, and condemned the use of foreign tongues—to agree with which the civil law was prompt—in order to extinguish the Moors. "For but two classes does the sword remain sheathed, the very poor and the very rich. We are well through it."

The town was composed of dwellings surrounded by walls, each keeping to itself, the windows small, the doors grated and thick, save in the streets where shops abounded. There, for the sake of the unity in defense which the walls formed, the houses made would be neighbors; and as the beggarly comrades passed up and down the hilly ways, they could see the shopkeepers, awakened from the siesta by their steps, grasp a club and eye them askant as they limped along.

At every turning the renegade recognized his old resorts. Here the religious house founded by Ferdinand and Isabella—St. John of the Sovereigns—with the chains, rusting despite the pure, dry air, festooned upon its walls—the chains of Moorish prisoners, such slaves as Hassan had helped to make, and among whom he had been. Again, the hall was Holy Cross Hospital, with a swarm of wretchedly-maimed soldiers basking on the outside stone benches, and who looked up, as Hassan stumped by, with the fellow-feeling peculiar to cripples. In the deep, cool shadow of the great cathedral the two rovers paused to rest.

"Ah!" exclaimed the elder, with watering mouth, "if you but knew of the untold treasures within those walls. Ah, Hassan, if we but had the old crew of the Griffin here one midnight, and boats on the river, we might be richer than the Jew! The sacristy alone is to have had promotion of our misfortune; it refuses any longer to pay the coast-guard tax, on the ground of being so far inland as to set corsairs at defiance. But, alas! poor ship!"

"Don't speak of her," hissed the pirate through his gnashing teeth, as a scowl darkened still more the ferocious cast of his countenance. "I shall never rest till mine eyes light upon that wretch of a Spaniard who started the slaves into revolt. My curses lie upon him, many and burning as the drops of blood I lost through him! Make haste, if you have a desire to live, for I am tired already of these houses; masses of brick and stone, with uneven pathways like a tossing sea."

"Right. But—but—it is gone!"

Yussuf was staring about him in amazement.

"Fool that I was," muttered he, "to think that all must have remained inside because so much is left. My son, where this wine-market is before us, a tavern stood in which I was sure of shelter, food and raiment. We must on again."

"And I am still more hungry than footsore, father. Come, come; let us act up to our uniform."

"Eh?"

"We are beggars or robbers. Shall we ask alms, or compel the giving of them?"

So saying, the corsair brandished his formidable cudgel menacingly, to the alarm of a Preaching Brother, who was stealing along in the shadow, with his eyes divided between his breviary and the buxom wench washing olives in a yellow dish at the stone basin. Water was brought to town, and poured into these receptacles, in lieu of those public fountains common in other places.

"One more chance," said Yussuf, disappointed himself, as, now he was inside the walls, he found that, in particulars, the place was strange to him. "Here is the Alcazar."

They stood under the imposing front of the Count of Toledo's residence, the royal palace when kings came hither. Against the wall was stuck up a written paper, sheltered under a cover to keep off the rain. They could make out in the large Gothic characters:

"To one and all! Nor longer carry or keep those fine, thin, sharp swords, one to nine palms long, which cause so much inconvenience and so many murders of men. Deliver up, whatsoever your quality, all such weapons, under penalty of losing the swords and paying a fine of ten ducats and with your body with ten days' jail. For my lord Diego, Count of Toledo—the secretary Ricenciado, Victor Vasro y Gredas."

"Diego!" said the renegade. "As I hoped."

In the gateway a number of soldiers were lounging, but at the approach of the beggars they assumed an attitude of activity, unpleasantly like resentment at their presumption.

At the first word from the elder pirate, the sergeant laid his hand on his dagger.

"See his Catholic and mighty lordship the Count Diego of Toledo!" ejaculated he, and he pointed with his dagger to another proclamation:

"To all who harbor beggars and kidnappers, zingari and fortune-tellers, a fine of five-and-twenty silver marks, one-third of which goes to the informer, one-third to the town, and one-fourth to the Count. To all those singers and reciters, beggars and vagrants, who wander about by night and day, which offends the republic and sets a bad example, a hundred lashes and a year's banishment!"

"Well read! my clerkly sergeant!" sneered the renegade. "Do the Count and the informer touch *their thirds* of the lash here?"

Upon this impudent rejoinder, the soldier frowned till his brows met; but the savage aspect of Hassan made him confine himself to the words:

"You may lose your ears in a trice. Was ever such insolence on the part of mendicants! Hark, back to your hospital!" added he, as Yussuf with prudence restrained his hastier companion from crossing the speaker's back with his tough staff of yew. "What are those lazy monks for but to fatten your likes? Jorge—Manuel—whoever has partisan in hand and is within striking distance of those knaves, whack me them by the hams!"

But the renegade had dragged his comrade down the hill.

"Unlucky, every way we turn," said he. "Yet we must have food and shelter."

"Let us descend to the river," said Hassan, "and climb no more. I can see the delicious fruit-trees, green as the ocean off Finisterre; with their spoil to eat and the river to lave in, we can wait till nightfall, and then—"

"Well, then?"

"Into the nearest house. I can scale such walls as these at a bound," said the rover.

It was very easy to descend the irregular, unpaved streets to the river, mere alleys winding in and out between the shut-in houses.

The garden of the Friars of the Arm of St. Jayme extended to the edge of the bank overhanging the water. The fruit-trees, cultivated even in the sixteenth century with that patience which distinguishes ascetic religious sects, were heavily laden, so that the boughs of the nearest overhung the walls. These were low, for the holy brethren relied upon their sanctity to protect their property; also upon the popular fear of offending the Inquisition, again rearing its head; and, more potent still in the present case, on the company of archers of the Abbot's own guard (though there was an edict against such warriors in religious pay), who, making the round, appeared abruptly at the angle of the wall.

Reckless as was Hassan, he was not so foolish as to begin a conflict with a dozen stalwart fellows encumbered with arms, whose pikes might not be very dangerous even at close quarters, but whose steelheaded partisans were grisly to behold.

Again the baffled beggars were forced to retreat, growling like bears driven from a hive by a rush of bees to cross the river.

They were soon upon the river-path, inside the town-walls; but this was the decayed portion, and they clambered up where the stones built in by Boabdil had fallen in a heap. From that point there was a view of the country round of the Tagus, the sweep of the river itself, and that large sword-making building, whose perpetually churning wheel was ever present to the ear hereabouts.

A street, on both sides of which the hammers and anvils of smiths were jangling in the ruddy light of the forges, was the first to open from the side of the sword-mill in question. Behind them, the pirates heard trumpeting up the hill. Something unusual was happening at the Alcazar. And, within a few score paces, the tramp of the Abbot's men-at-arms proved that they might anticipate a pursuit if they lingered on that spot.

"Yonder," said Yussuf, pointing to the noisy street. "We can reach the waterside there if we like, while we scramble over this wall and skirt the cliff at risk of our necks. Hurry, for those blundering varlets of monks are on our scent, I warrant you."

In two minutes they were in the blacksmiths' quarter, the long, rather wide street mentioned. It was a curious sight. The houses were open-fronted, two stories in height, the upper being the living apartments, while the lower held the furnaces, forge and shop-room.

Except two or three small hovels, whence issued the odoriferous fumes of baked meats and oily stews—for these were cooks' shops—all the buildings were devoted to the working of the coarser metals. There were locksmiths, gate and grating forgers, horseshoers, cutlers and blacksmiths, but the latter predominated. From nearly all the workshops the roar of the bellows, the hissing of the tempering water or oil upon the white-hot metal, the clank of hammers upon plates of iron, the rasping of the file, resounded in one deafening medley.

As the two beggars passed down the hill, stumbling over heaps of woods, mounds of burnt charcoal, and pools of blackened water, they could see the stout fellows by the intermittent firelight, which glowed as from caves of armor and weapons in endless variety. Women and children, stripped to breastplates, and children were counting the rivets in armlets and thigh-defenses. In some sheds echoed violent explosions: gunsmiths were testing their musketoons and cannons, in perfect recklessness of their neighbors' comfort. It was, in short, a din to delight Vulcan, but no one heeded it.

At the end of the street, roughly chiseled out of a marble column torn from some Moorish mosque, was a statue of St. Eloi, a full-bearded old man leaning on the handle of a sledgehammer. He was reckoned the patron saint of smiths, and the whole quarter placed themselves under his protection as such. Nothing more common than each trade, and consequently each busy street of a town, to have their own saint, precisely as the pagans had their respective gods.

Despite the busy state of affairs in the Calle de Ferro, or Iron street, some of the men looked out, some of the women called out, and some of the boys ran out, these latter to throw spikes and cinders at the beggars. They were a class of visitors who were no welcome anywhere in the middle ages, when even busy toilers had much ado to earn money after the locusts of tax-gatherers had taken their pickings. It was folly or worse to lift arms against these wasps, for the thrashing of one of them might have fired the whole family against the intruders. Muttering their threats, the wanderers pressed on.

Suddenly, Yussuf, hearing a groan behind him, turned sharply. It was not the first call, but the dreadful splatter-dashing of the huge wheel in the swordmakers' mill had prevented him hearing the others. Besides, he was bewildered, cool-headed man though he was, at finding himself more and more a stranger in the city of his youth.

Hassan had fallen at length in the road. Valiantly keeping up with his mate so far, he had at last succumbed to exhaustion, hunger, fatigue, and even forced constraint upon his vindictive yearnings. It was impossible for him to go twenty yards farther.

"O my son!" cried Yussuf, with as genuine a grief as it was possible for him to feel, and kneeling down to support his comrade's head. "What a wretch am I to be so callous to your sufferings? I forced you to walk beyond your powers, confident that we should find friends here, and I have deceived you. I have deceived myself. Who would have thought that I could beguile myself like a young girl waiting for her lover to act out his promise?"

"What's that you say?" cried a newcomer, who, leaving one of the smithies, suddenly stepped up to the old man, trying to revive Hassan out of his exhaustion.

At the sound of this voice, the latter shuddered from head to foot, but his eyes remained closed. Yussuf, too, started, but instantly subdued his surprise, and calmly looked up at the speaker. He was the young Spaniard whom last we saw in the boat of the Black Griffin, speeding away with Isabel from that scene of wreck and direful tragedy. In a word, the galley-slave and the corsair-captains were once more face to face.

Little had Johan Carillo changed. But, as we know, it would have been a marvel if he had penetrated the squalid patches and shreds of the wanderers and beheld in them his enemies.

"My son has fasted these two days," whined Yussuf in a voice appropriate to his assumed trade, and with a real emotion well calculated to entrap a warm heart; "and he has dropped here to die—unless one of these many dwellings harbors a host more charitable than we have passed. A crust of bread and a draught of wine—for the blessings of Heaven which will then befall you, kind sir!"

Johan shook his head.

"A crust and a cup!" repeated he. "Not so. A seat at our board, and as much as you need to tighten out your girdles! That's our motto in the Blacksmiths' Ward; and if the blacksmiths don't act up to it, the swordmakers do! Thank our good Saint Eloi that your son has fallen at his feet, at which no one ever kneels in vain. Lend me a hand, old father, and we will have your boy—though he is no feather, for all his loss of leg—into the mill. Bustle, bustle!"

Between the renegade and Johan, the corsair, who had relapsed into insensibility complete, was helped through the wide doorway of the swordmakers. The outlying buildings of this large inclosure were dwelt in by the smiths and their families. This had become necessary by the position, quite outside the town walls. As it was, defended by their own circumvallation, the swordmakers, to the number of some two hundred, all told—for the boys were valuable in sheltered conflict—might resist a siege until the townspeople could execute a sortie and deliver them. The main building, a tower, had indeed been a stronghold in the days of the Moor.

It formed in the lower story a great hall, thirty feet high. At the farther end, partly in the hall itself, was the large waterwheel, and a number of small wheels which it turned for the swordblade polishers. This wheel rose ten feet above water-level and six above the floor, being a little less in diameter—an undershot. It was constructed of wood, strengthened with iron in a manner deserving of great praise. The rest of the room was given up to the forges, which extended along the eastern wall for fifty feet, each with its anvil and its two or three hammermen. What with the deafening crash and clang of hammer-hammer, the sharp hissing of the bellows, the splashing of the great wheel and the banging of the sledges, any conversation had to be carried on by bawling. On the floor of beaten earth, where the sparks were raining from the anvils, squatted a score of lads who were making spikes and matching pieces of armor; while women, interspersed with them, were polishing fine daggers and sewing buff-leather lining into plates for the back, breast and thighs of armed men, or within chain-shirts—some, with an eye of taste, were adjusting beautiful ostrich plumes in helmets and steel caps. Against the north wall, arranged on wooden posts to show off all their advantage, were complete suits of armor for horse and man, ranging from plain, unburnished steel for footmen, to damascened panoplies fit for the Emperor himself. Indeed, rings of steel encircled some of the casques, to which goldsmiths might affix the coronets of the noble purchasers. Hung against the walls, stacked up like billets, strewing the floor, stuck up by their points, bathing in tubs of oil and water, leaning against one another and carelessly bound with chains, were weapons, such as swords of every description, spears, lances, bucklers, cannons, crowbars, firearms (which were employable as maces when unloaded), hatchets, hammers, pikes. No one who had ever peeped into that armory, and seen both the men who made these tools of war and the latter, would have been eager to attack the mill while both men and tools were within.

All was animation and noise as Johan and the renegade carried the corsair indoors. Only those who were near the corner whither Carillo led, stopped for a moment in plying the hammer or the file. One of these was the master-smith, for he raised to his lips a little silver whistle, which hung by a steel chain around his neck, and blew a call. Instantly, every person quitted his occupation and stood clear of anvil, sleve and tempering-bath, waiting for orders. The sudden silence, which was broken only by the wheel, pained the ear.

"Well, Johan," said the master-smith kindly, "who are your friends?"

Yussuf glanced at the speaker. He was a tall man of Herculean frame, developed enormously across the shoulders and in the arms, now unsleeved to the shoulders, and who might not have been unhandsome, but a terrible slash or some cutting instrument had laid his forehead and right cheek open to the bone, for the wounds had been healed unskillfully and left ghastly scars. The smith's long hair and beard were snowy white, and his thick moustache was gray, yet he seemed not more than—perhaps no more than five-and-sixty, though he might have attained to a riper age—the traces being unapparent, thanks to his perfect health and marvelous natural gifts. Certainly, no man of any age but would have hesitated to dispute with him in single combat. Such a blacksmith was a match for giants men in his pay, and ruled them like a Titan. One could see, by their eagerness of devotion, that affection mingled with their admiration.

Hernando Rierez was the dean of the smiths, the governor of the Calle de Ferro, to whom all quarrels were compelled to submit their differences, who regulated the price of work—who permitted no one, be he noble or lout, priest or townsman, to encroach upon the rights or property even of the smallest independent smith.

On, indeed, they say he, the plain craftsman, walked—with the banner of St. Eloi in hand, and his finishing-hammer stuck in his belt—as proudly as, and on the same level with, the Count of Toledo bearing his jewel-hilted sword, and the Archbishop with his crozier.

"I met them as I came out of Dame Mignel's," answered Carillo respectfully. "Master Miguel has not been home since morning."

"Strange," said Rierez, passing his smoky hand across his beaded forehead. "We must have him sought for. But to the point—these men?"

"We are poor outcasts," Yussuf hastened to reply. "We are crossing Spain to reach a seaport to embark to the Golden Brazils. Meanwhile, we are starving, sir smith, and my son has dropped with exhaustion."

"Yet ye seem a sturdy pair—able to earn your loaf with labor," observed the swordmaker, with natural suspicion.

Hassan had come to his senses, and looked about him curiously.

"Labor!" repeated the renegade, somehow ridding his face and form of the vigor with which they were ordinarily filled, and speaking with a falling voice. "We are but too willing, but who—who, sir—in all Toledo, will employ an old man and a cripple? Together we can hardly perform such tasks as any of these urchins single-handed."

"True, true," said the smith, a little less harshly. "The land cannot find work for willing hands always, and little use *that* sometimes, where priest and nobles, and sovereign over them, claim tribute, Isabel!" he called.

As the smiths resumed their tasks, a young woman on the opposite side of the hall responded to the summons. Instantly, that wall—one long line—darkened. As early as half-past nine the common people dined, and the smiths had partaken heartily before the siesta or after-dinner nap. The board was being cleared by a number of women, presided over by Isabel. This was the fair captive of the Black Griffin, but how altered by a happy life!

She wore the simple attire of a moderately thriving master-artisan's daughter; untrimmed petticoats and skirts, homespun stockings, buff-leather shoes, her hair being gathered up and held by a blue ribbon. A broad collar of lace from her own needle surrounded her smooth, graceful throat. She seemed fairer than snow tinged by the sunbeams—in this swarthy cave of Cyclops, a ray of celestial light—Diana visiting earth to find a new Endymion.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS VIRTUOUS DETRACTORS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The success of the Drama has been the despair of the Church, and the sound of music the death-song of hypocrisy. For five hundred years the too virtuous exclusionists have sent up a wail on the encroachment of all liberal and necessary diversions for the world-wearied people. They have fought an unsuccessful battle against the innocent invaders who came weaponless into the haunts of men and conquered hate with pleasure. A war waged so long has made the combatants familiar, and now all liberal and right-minded people welcome those they erstwhile thought enemies, as near and dear allies in fighting those evils which are not imaginary, and of which the Church, as well as the Stage, contributes her share. As a consequence, a "concord of sweet sounds" stirs a vast multitude where once cold cant froze up the fountains of good feeling in the fanatic few; and the Drama, by its charm and potency, and by a power irresistible, appealing to the better thoughts and sympathies of all mankind, destroys the false, supports the true, and "makes the whole worldkin."

That there are exceptions to this happy determination lies in the fact that some self-righteous bigots are too good for this world, others are too old to learn or unlearn, and many are too busy

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1874.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

H. J.—"Pitcher is in position and about to deliver ball. Short-stop calls to him, and wants to speak to him for a second. Short then runs to pitcher and takes ball from pitcher's hands, unobserved, and returns to short, from which position he calls to third base to change places with him. There is a base-runner on third, and when short changes he catches hold of base-runner, who is about one foot off the base, and touches him with the ball, and holds the man off the base with his hand until the umpire's attention is called to it by short. This is a trick, and I want to know if it can be played. Should not the umpire have called 'time' when short called to pitcher to talk and then called 'time' on the positions?" ——"Time" is to be called by the umpire only for an express and legitimate purpose, such as an injury to player presents, or a claim for the reversal of a decision, etc. In the case above given it was very loose play on the part of the base-runner to leave his base until he saw the ball delivered by the pitcher. It was a piece of small trickery on the part of the short stop, but these sharp points are in the game. 2. A loses.

BUCKEYE, McConnelsville.—Two men, call them K. and C., run for prosecuting attorney. A bets K. will be elected; B bets he will not. It is a tie vote. Then, according to the laws of Ohio, they put slips of paper in a hat, and let two justices of the peace draw the vote from the hat. One draws for K., and the other draws for C. K. proves to be the lucky man. ——Please decide the bet. ——The case is printed in full, because it is instructive apart from the bet wager aspect. Our decision is that the spirit of the bet was contemplated the popular vote only, and not a resort to contemplated the popular vote only, and not a resort to chance, and that therefore neither man wins. It is indisputable that A's candidate was elected in due form, according to this statement; but it is pretty certain that neither bettor ever fancied that this hat-shaking would form an element of the elective franchise in determining that wager.

CARLAND RUDOLPH, Carlstadt.—"The game is sixty-six. C is six, and R is eight. It is R's lead, and he calls '40 trumps,' and leads queen of hearts, which is trumped by C with ace. C then calls '20 diamonds,' and leads the king, which R lets pass. C now leads the ten of trumps, and next the king of spades, calling '20 spades,' and no nonsuiting sixty-six, for which latter he claims that he is out. R says that C is entitled to but one point, as he (R) made 40 by calling '40 trumps.' Please decide." ——C is out, being entitled to three points for making sixty-six before his antagonist scored a point. The latter could not count his "40 trumps" until he had taken in a trick.

C. S., Chicago.—"A bets B the latter cannot show him $40 inside of ten minutes. The money is put up. B draws a roll of bills from his pocket and begins to count, whereupon A goes out of the room, not returning for about five minutes have elapsed, when he claims the bet, on the ground that he did not see the money counted out. Stakeholder and witnesses saw it, and there was $42.50 in the roll. ——Who wins?" ——It is a pity that A went to the trouble of going out of the room. Closing his eyes would have been of quite as much service to him.

W. H. K., Boston.—1. At bezique, a player holding ten and nine of diamonds, and the ace of diamonds being led, must sacrifice his brisque or ten spot. He cannot play his nine, but must always play the highest in his hand except when "ruffing;" and even then, if another one has been "ruffed," he must "ruff" over him. 2. One difference is that at penauckle an ace counts eleven, while at bezique it counts but ten.

A. and B., Mechanicsburg.—Goldsmith Maid, accompanied by a running horse, trotted at Dayton, O., Oct. 2, 1874, for a purse, but of what amount we cannot say. It was entered as a free-for-all purse of $1,500, and Fullerton, Gloster and the Maid were entered; but the judges subsequently split the thing up, the Maid going with the runner in 2:21, 2:18, and Fullerton and Gloster by themselves, the latter winning in 2:24¼, 2:23, 2:22½.

F. D. K., Wilkesbarre.—The judges, having announced from their stand that the race would be changed from a three-in-five, had by common consent, right, upon the claim of the owner of Catlin, who had won the first two heats, to end the race there and declare Catlin and mate the winners. Only the judges could before the change was announced were legally off. The time for the owner of Catlin and mate to object or withdraw was before the horses were called up.

T. F. L., Providence.—A bet is a verbal agreement to have no rule. Rule 32 on "Dead Heats" provides that where there are three moneys and three horses, one of which wins two heats in a three-in-five race, another the next two heats, and the third the fifth heat, the latter shall be ruled out if the sixth heat is dead between the other two. The horse thus ruled out is entitled to third money, the same as if either of the other horses had won sixth heat.

D. OC.—You are entitled to one point, the same as if the other player had not gone alone against you. It is surprising that players who change games do not agree to suit circumstances never think of making special rules to meet those circumstances. This question has been answered ten thousand times, if it has been once: the rules of euchre do not admit of two hands playing.

ROCKS.—"A man makes a hit in a game of baseball, overruns first base and stops with the intention of returning to retouch first base; but, seeing the ball thrown to the baseman to second without retouching first. The ball is then fielded to first before the player returns. Is the player out?"..... Certainly not. He only forfeits his exemption from being put out in returning to the base.

RAILROAD, Phila.—We cannot state the actual distance made in a run of sixty consecutive minutes. It is only recorded that the seven-mile run in 1836 between the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and 91 miles in 90 minutes in Illinois; but we presume liberal allowances were made for stoppages and slowings on the way.

C. B. W.—The captain of a nine can change his pitcher—that is, replace him with another man of the nine in the field—at any time in the game. Indeed, he can put every man of the nine in and fielding the ball after the other if he chooses, but whoever delivers the ball must do so in the regular position.

WARD POLITICIAN.—You win. The first assessment is $20 for every election district, and there are nearly six hundred; and before all hands are done with him, it will cost a man about $45,000 who runs for Mayor of this city. If a man about $45,000 who runs for Mayor of this city. If a candidate for any office is poor, others put up for him; but it amounts to the same thing in the end.

FRANK B. SIDES, Ashtabula.—1. Opinions are divided between the acts of Sheriff Osborne, John C. Heenan had decidedly the best of his battle with Tom Sayers. 3. Yes; he was very anxious for a renewal, but his opponent was not. 4. Informally only; no money deposited to bind bets, nor forfeits. 5. He repeatedly so stated, verbally and in print. 6. Yes.

W. P., St. Louis.—Take train for Chicago, thence to Port Huron, Mich., Sarnia, Ont., thence by the Grand Trunk Railway you can reach Waterloo County, which is in Ontario, Can. Avoid the Great Western R. R at Port Huron, which would take you to another Waterloo in Canada, viz., opposite Buffalo, N. Y.

F. M. P., Millerstown.—1. The larger vessels having been hauled off, it would be difficult to say which has the largest passenger vessel in the trade of this country and Europe. 2. The City of Peking is 423ft. long, 48ft. beam, and 38½ depth of hold. 3. Because she is the first iron vessel of much size built in an American shipyard.

ALDERMAN.—"At cribbage, the cards played are four, king, four, ace, five, three and deuce. B, who plays the deuce, claims a run of 31, and claims to have a sum depending on your decision, as I do not think he can claim a run."

If the bet was that he does not make a run, you lose; if that he does not make a run of six, you win. Take your choice.

J. D. G., Atlanta.—Each of the United States vary so much that if we were to give an opinion based upon general usage and custom it might lead you into difficulty. You must secure good lawyer, and see if from his influence you cannot arrange to pay a yearly license, which should cover all kinds of amusements generally given in such buildings.

E. B., Boston.—Please remember that decisions refer to—If it was decided a draw, the circumstances of the case must be different from what you state now, for if the game ended legally with a score of 6 to 5 up, and you beat the club that did win would win by two to one, you win if the five full innings were completed.

E. T. L.—1. The Rockford nine included Hastings, Speer, Spaulding, Dow, Addy, Avery, Barnes, Cone, Simmons and Stines. 2 Pratt pitched in the Athletics in 1870, alternately with McBride. Malone was catcher then. Among the batting nines there were Wood and Zettlein in Chicago, and Nelson of the Mutuals.

J. W. C.—Billy Edwards was never defeated by Tim Collins. The fought at East New York, L. I., in 1867, 106 rounds being contested in 2 hours and 15 minutes, when darkness put a stop to it. The principals were arrested that night, and imprisoned on Blackwell's Island, the stakes being drawn.

T. F. DONOVAN, Cleveland.—Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers fought at Squirrel Island, Canada, Sept. 4, for the light-weight championship and $250 a side. The fight was decided in favor of Chambers upon a claim of foul (which was without foundation), after 25 rounds had been fought in 1 hour 35 min es.

GEORGE BARTELL, Elmira.—The Red Jacket made the best time ever accomplished by a sailing vessel from New York to Liverpool, Eng., viz., 13 days, 7 hours and 30 minutes. She left this port Jan. 30, at 7 A. M., and arrived at her destination Jan. 23, at 8.25. She was commanded by Capt. A. Eldridge.

JOHN HOFFMAN.—1. Inquire at Peck & Snyder's, 126 Nassau street. 2. No official time was taken. 3. Yes; that does not debar them. 4. A. B. Elliott, John Blakey, George Roahr, Thomas Fearon and John Clarke. 5. The University of the City of New York is located at East Washington Square and Waverly Place.

PINFOOT, Cincinnati.—A. B should lose, being the last man burned prior to not being made. There is, however, no printed rule for such an emergency, for that is not the proper way to play pinpool. 2. Neither is intelligible. Say "natural."

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—She was born at St. Hyacinthe, near Montreal, P. Q. Her real name is La Jeunnesse, she taught music for some years in Albany, N. Y., which caused the adoption of her present name for professional purposes.

CHESS, Milwaukee.—1. Watch our variety summary for their whereabouts, or address them in care of this office. 2 It can be so learned As there are so many works published, we decline to recommend any one specially.

D. B., Staten Island.—Of the Congressmen to be elected in this city on Nov. 3, one will take his seat on the first Monday in December, while the others will await the first Monday in March, 1875. It is therefore important to "put your words close together."

D. C. G., Scranton.—1. Sundry rules for poker, euchre, cassino, and sixty-six can be found in "American Hoyle," which you may procure of Ed. James, 88 Centre street; price, 50 cents. 2. The other games are not in any book that we ever saw.

P. S., Richmond.—According to the last census, the populations were as follows: Alexandria, Va., 13,570; Fredericksburg, 4,066; Lynchburg, 6,853; Norfolk, 19,229; Petersburg, 18,950; Portsmouth, 10,492. Richmond, 51,038; Parkersburg, W. Va., 5,836; Wheeling, 19,280.

MOMUS.—1. Barnum's Museum at the corner of Broadway and Ann street was destroyed by fire July 13, 1865, and the third fire department was organized in November of that year. Which do you mean, the first fire-engine used in this city, or the first steam fire-engine?

LAFAYETTE.—1. Is the only "dead" on you as far as his getting any advantage from striking you again is concerned, such as a croquet. But the fact of his having croqueted your ball does not prevent him hitting you if your ball stands in his way in making an arch.

OLD OAKEN BUCKET, Cambridge.—If the man produced by your opponent on the day fixed for the race is not the one whose name appears in the articles of agreement, you will be entitled to forfeit, the terms of the agreement having been violated.

RICKERT, Boston.—1. A letter addressed in care of *Bell's Life*, 170 Strand, London, Eng., will reach either of them. Address James Hamill at Pittsburg, Pa., and Henry Cotter at Allegheny City, Pa. 2. Yes, both held the championship.

J. H., Washington.—Robinson Schottische Quadrilles can be found in "Party Music for Violin and Piano," published by Ditson & Co., New York. You can obtain information in regard to the other dances from the same house, or Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.

B. M., Milwaukee.—1. Yes; there is such a game. 2. Yes; a dozen or more of them—for example: Barney Aaron and Johnny Robinson on this side, and Cribb and Molineaux, and Mace and Bob Travers, in England.

SAUGERTIES.—1. We cannot spare the space to do so. 2. The Stadt Theatre in this city, which seats 3,015 persons, is the largest in America. We have no record of the French theatres.

J. F., Newark.—1. From $25 per week upwards, according to reputation and ability. 2. Right will do. 3. Prices for arranging music vary so much that we cannot give you a correct idea. It is generally a matter of private bargain.

E. H. M. W.—1. She is not acting at present. 2. None. Go on the stage in an humble position. 3. Mrs. Conover, Mrs. Mason's mother, starting Tressell in "Richard III," Sept. 10, 1849. 4. Many years.

CONSTANT READER, East Boston.—The fastest recorded time for six miles by the Paris Crew of St. John, N. B., is 39.20 3-5, when they won their match with the second four which James Renforth brought from England.

G. FRANK, Chicago.—1. and 2. He never did it, there or elsewhere. 3. The greatest distance run in one hour is 11¾ miles, by Deerfoot, in a match against time at Brompton, London, Eng. He covered the distance in 59.44.

H. HENRY.—At least two members have written poems entitled "All Desperandum." Therefore, to be sure, we shall have to overhaul the author named. Excuse delay of a week.

N. Y. Z., Louisville.—The number of tickets sold has nothing to do with the percentage. If the number of tickets issued is 100, your chance of winning would be one per cent.

SUBSCRIBER.—In the international rifle match at Creedmoor, L. I., any sights were allowed; several telescopic, magnifying, and such as concealed the target so as to prevent the danger signal from being seen.

POTTER.—The estimated loss caused by the great fire in Chicago, Ill., in October, 1871, was $190,536,500. That caused by the conflagration at Boston, Mass., in November, 1872, about $90,000,000.

J. L., Billiards.—Hitting the cue-ball once is a stroke, and may be claimed as such by the antagonist. Hitting it twice constitutes a foul. The six-inch rule is a relict of past ages, and indeed it never was the rule among good players.

N. W., Towanda.—B can draw down only what he has bet in excess of what A is able to put up—or $18, according to your statement, from which we infer that A had bet his last money when he put up the $5.

ERNEST, Oshuwa.—In our opinion the constant use of the mute is injurious to the development of the best quality of tone in the violin—a full, free vibration being necessary to produce it, and this result cannot be attained by the use of the sordino or damper.

CAMILLE.—1. There is no mention of that family bearing that name. 2. At the Union-square Theatre, a season or two ago. 3. She is married.

AL. I.—1. He last appeared there about June, 1869, but never appeared on the end. 2. Ruey Hughes, who died Nov. 10, 1871.

TRADERS' SALOON, Louisville.—There are no recognized rules, and the custom of the place should govern.

E. W.—Your inquiry covers such a variety of fowl that the space we can spare would scarcely enlighten you. Apply to or write the secretary of the New York Sportsmen's Association. No answers by mail.

S. D. C., Richmond.—Because there were no changes in the company. Review only fresh appearances; give description and announcements for the following week.

C. B. F., Titusville.—As we can find no record of his death, we presume he is alive and retired from the profession.

G. B. C., Iowa.—A wins. The Mutuals are second, and the disbandment of the Baltimores did not affect the result at all.

CONSTANT READER.—Your statement is not definite enough. What was the score at the close of the eighth inning, and what decision did the umpire give?

J. W. W., Fond du Lac.—The dealer, being out, should run in the cards. The elder hand would not be out first—it would be a draw.

DREADNAUGHT, Chicago.—Capt. Samuells, who commanded the clipper ship Dreadnaught, and afterwards the yacht Dauntless, is living in this city.

DECLINED.—"Love-struck Dutchess," "To Patti," "The Big Cheese," "Love Among the Oysters," "Blue Jay," "Viewing the Eclipse," "Elsie," "Sol Tone."

F. LEON, Pittsfield.—Your lose both bets—the first because you fouled by failing to put your hands, and the second because the ten-foot jump was made off the level.

T. T. T., Cleveland.—Neither party having put up the remainder of the money, the bet was never completed.

THIRD AVENUE, Esq.—As to combining or building, the same rules govern partner cassino as single-handed. Second partner was wrong.

INQUISITIVE.—Neither J. W. Carroll nor T. E. Morris acted Lord Plato in "The Rough Diamond" on the occasion named, although they have both frequently acted it.

O. S., Higganum.—1. At auction pitch, no player has more than one bid. 2. A bid cannot be changed without the consent of all parties.

A CONSTANT READER.—Mathews, Start and Pearce have signed. Pike goes to St. Louis, Eggler to the Athletics. Warden stays in Baltimore.

T. E.—1. The first regular club was the old Washington Club, which played in Hoboken, N. J., in 1843. 2. Yes. 3. No; he goes to Hartford.

H. S., San Francisco.—She is not performing at present. Address a letter to her in care of this office, and it will reach her.

MAUDE, Washington.—All your questions were answered in these columns, and within two days after you had written them.

ANCHOR.—The limit should govern. Besides, we thought this game was played with checks, so as to prevent $500 bets, good or bad, being "rung in" on a $50 limit.

ALABAMA.—Such reminiscences are somewhat rare, and we shall take pleasure in presenting your contribution to the notice of our readers.

C. N. P., Hudson.—The best recorded time for a walk of 100 miles is 19 hours, inclusive of 9 hours' stoppage, by Capt. Barclay on a country road in Scotland.

CALAIS.—We have no record of the best three forward jumps. In his great jump of 13ft. 5½in. Ned Searles used weights, which is customary in such trials.

WILLIAMSBURG, Milwaukee.—1. Ten minutes, by a Harvard four. 2. There is none that we can recommend. 3. It depends upon his weight and the style of boats used.

W. A. B., Troy.—The late James Fisk was Colonel of the Ninth Regiment.

K. R. B., Cincinnati.—1. Yes. 2. Winning a heat or making a dead heat.

ARLINGTON.—We have no time to search our files to-day, but will endeavor to give you an answer next week.

W. C., Jeanette.—No answers by mail. Stars hardly ever employ boys to travel with them.

F. G. S.—That is the proper way to play cassino, although is not always so played.

C. C., McDade.—Olipita, 473secs., Saratoga, July 25, 1874.

T. J. M., ENQUIRER (Chicago), and "LEFF" (Columbus).—Next week.

W. H. V., Cleveland.—Both have played it numerous times in many of the principal cities of the country.

MCCANN, New Haven.—The first named was born July 23, 1815; the other March 9, 1806.

J. D. K., Philadelphia.—D. J. Magwinness.

SPRUCE, Denver.—Several parties are accredited with having ran the distance in 9½secs.

H. C. S., Phila.—The two 42's, and they can either throw off or buy off.

A. B., Mich.—Such places have been licensed in St. Louis.

BILLPOSTER, Shreveport.—Middleton & Co. of Cincinnati, O., advertised to that effect.

S. ROUNDOUT.—1. Cannot say. 2. The South America, as far as the most reliable information goes.

GEO. J. N., Dayton.—It is a very pretty, as written; but it would not read well in print.

ANDY LEONARD.—Aug. 26, 1869, Haymaker vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati, 17 to 17.

NICK O'HARMS.—1. They won two, one of which was at Philadelphia. 2. By no club.

S. AND L., Baltimore.—It is pronounced Mil-nes Lev-ick, with the "a" long in the second syllable.

VERMONT, Ill.—Pronounced as if spelled John-os-sheck and Le-clare.

THEODORE.—1. He will shortly act at his own theatre. 2. Probably not.

W. W., Washington.—Yes; have a contract for a specified time drawn up by a lawyer.

W. F. J., New Orleans.—We guess so, if there are such boats, and they are long enough and have the power.

W. H. P.—The were a trifle "off color," and we "waste" them.

J. CALHOUN, Newark.—In our next we may permit you to tell who *did* "Lead Her Astray."

W. B. F., Phila.—It is too rough on the Christian stomach for the bulk of our religious readers.

EDDIE D.—Ole right aboued dot babees; he vill bin brought oued.

"D. C. G. C."—As it has the appearance of an advertisement, we should prefer not to present it on that page.

E. PIERCE, Bennington.—A rare old timer—it shall be returned, as requested.

F. B., Baltimore.—In our next your song may probably appear. The "Masher" we cannot call to mind.

GEORGE B. P.—"Little Talk" will have a chance to say its say.

W., Montreal.—1, 2, 3. We cannot say. 3. She can be addressed in care of this office.

W. W. S., Albany.—1. Watch our variety summary. 2. In care of this office.

SCULLER, Hartford.—Interesting items always acceptable.

A SUBSCRIBER, Brooklyn.—By calling at a gun store you can gain the information you seek.

B. F. B., Boston.—At the office of *The Army and Navy Journal*, Park Row.

E. B., Greenfield.—The jump must be measured from toe to heel.

NEW GRENADA.—You will see Burdock in the Hartford nine of 1875, and in no other; so he personally informed us.

W. J. L., Frankford.—We do no such business. Apply to some other quarter.

CONSTANT READER, Mansfield.—Write to Peck & Snyder, who advertise.

E. E. L., Mansfield.—We do not think that it would be wise to undertake it at your age.

DRURY.—If you had read the last issue of THE CLIPPER you would have had the answer to the question.

G. G., Chicago.—You can probably get it sent through Cook, Coburn & Co., advertising agents, of your city.

W. L. W., Cairo.—1. Bob Way. 2. Not that we are aware of.

DAYTON.—We have no record of time by ocean steamers between London, Eng., and this country.

SAN SALVADOR, Brooklyn.—Yes; American Girl has a record of 2:17¾. Furthermore, she has a record of 2:16¾.

C. W. Wheeling.—The queen of clubs, at solo, always ranks the queen of spades.

READER, Fall River.—About eighty, we should judge. But this is not intended as a decision.

CHICAGO.—The cannon shack fired is shot in the vicinity of Chesapeake Bay. 2. They seem to avoid the great lakes.

HEADLIGHT, Thayer.—1. He is. 2. Only one; Mrs. Eddy. 3. She had no name.

J. D. S., Hagerstown.—Yes; Charles Macklin, a celebrated comedian, who died in England in 1797, at the age of 107.

W. S. S., Philadelphia.—The two prizes lie between the two 42's, and is secret.

G. W., Rochester.—We do not mean Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, she was residing in Chicago, Ill., at last accounts.

A CLIPPER FRIEND, Boston.—"Ham" will be served up.

MCGREGOR.—Both were allowed in Tammany Theatre.

C. B. J., Jersey City.—Both are out. Divide stakes.

SPORT, Carlinville.—See our sporting advertisements.

E. H., Muskegan.—A sweep. No answers by mail.

VIOLA, Chicago.—It is pronounced Vi-o-la.

A. B. C.—Astor is reputed to be the wealthier.

A STONE.—The strike does not affect the *wifes*.

GOOSE AND COX, Louisville.—Most decidedly.

J. M. M., Hoboken.—None at least will be published.

W. T. B.—D's four aces and a six are Yum.

PLAYTHING.—Goster has a record of 2:17.

L. T.—We think the lines were declined.

SCARCHEY, Pittsburg.—It is a stand-off.

NO SIGNATURE, Cribbage.—B is correct.

QUERY.—She has never been married.

SAULT AU RUHE FALLS.—Dion Boucicault.

R. B. C.—He is not a mulatto.

M. P.—Born July 5, 1845.

HOSO.—Born July 23, 1815.

PORT B., Ct.—A loses.

H. E. S.—A wins.

"IT IS SWEET to die for one's country," we are told by one who has presumptively experienced the blissfully patriotic sentiment; but oh! how sweeter far to vote for one's country, to exercise the privilege of the elective franchise, and to rest from one's labors when the work of the day is over. As we gaze from our window upon the passing throng beneath, we behold a well-ordained political exponent expounding the principles of his party, and giving, share-and-share alike, a divvy to three good men and true, whose stalwart forms have stood the brunt of many a brawl, and whose nimble fingers have worked the oracle at the polls, and helped thereby to fill the ballot-box of freedom with the purity and essence of our democratic-republican-liberal-reform institutions. This divvy is anticipatory of the services to be rendered therefor on the morrow, when the city of New York expects every man to do his duty, and vote the regular or irregular ticket. This is it that makes life dear to us, and the pursuit of voters still dearer.

TOP-SAWYER.—Among the novel attractions at the American Institute Exhibition in New York, and at the Franklin Institute display in Philadelphia, may be mentioned the novel sawing done by R. McChesney, "The Original Mohawk Dutchman," of Ilion, N. Y. Out of a solid block of wood he fashions some of the most difficult puzzles, and also saws out of a solid block various articles of miniature furniture, such as tables, chairs, lounges, etc. There are no drawings on the wood, but by the mere guidance of the block, by his hand alone, Mr. McChesney turns out these curious specimens of sawing. We have long had our champion pie-biter, and now we have discovered our top-sawyer.

HOW MANY REPUTATIONS are destroyed by the carelessness of unsympathetic compositors, we are unable to say; but the number must be legion. One night last week a prominent politician made a speech, in the course of which he indicated his desire "to place the financial status of this country on a more solid basis." But what should the reckless compositor do but make him desire to "place the financial *states* of the country in a more solid *basin*." And yet our typographical societies continue to give aid and comfort to the miscreant.

THE HEART of the Hub rejoiceth, and the very core thereof is made glad by virtue of the victory achieved by the Boston Baseball Club. Bunker Hill should be illuminated, and Faneuil Hall be made brilliant in the glare of calcium lights; yea, even the Common should put on its holiday attire, and a great mass-meeting should be gathered therein to express the feelings of Boston over the world-renowned champions of the baseball field. Let Massachusetts do the Wright thing by the boys.

THE GREAT STEAMER "The City of Peking" has come to grief already, having met with a mishap to her propeller, etc. There was rather too much fuss made over this vessel; too much eating and drinking; too much excursionizing; the expenses of which had to come from the vessel. Less banqueting and drinking, and more attention given to the sea-going merits or demerits of the ship, might have prevented this accident on her first voyage.

TAMMANY threatens the Creamer party to lay them out *cold*. Probably Tammany means to make *ice* Creamers of them.

PAUSE!

Clara Morris is attempting too much; she is driving ahead too fast; and she must hold her horses, or there will be a smash-up. Miss Morris has been acting a round of emotional characters of human interest, which encircled her fair brow with victorious wreaths. These emotional roles were naughty, but nice; and Clara fairly reveled in impersonations which exhibited the vicious side of contemporaneous society. Suddenly, in the midst of a most successful run of "The Sphinx," the actress discovers that she is identifying herself with a part which is the opposite of virtuous, and she throws it up, to the disgust of her managers and to the regret of the public. Then she dashes at the legitimate, as if nothing was beyond her power; and we presume her aim is to win and wear the mantle of Charlotte Cushman, preposterous as the idea may seem. When Miss Morris first appeared in our city, we gave her some sound advice, and she profited by it. She now disdains advice, and goes it alone. Others, full of enthusiasm, have done the same, and have foundered in the torrent. Let Clara be guided by the progress and extinction of those who have preceded her, or she may meet with a like fate. If the lady acts everything *now*, what will there be left for her latter days? She can never be a Charlotte Cushman—her forte lies not in that direction. Charlotte Crabtree wins fame and fortune by acting such parts as the Little Marchioness, Zip, Musette, etc.; but should Charlotte Crabtree get on stilts, and attempt Juliet, Lucretia Borgia, or Mrs. Haller, she would go down with all on board. Margaret Mitchell's audiences made the welkin ring when she appeared as Fanchon, the Pearl of Savoy, and characters of that stripe; and she has accumulated enough capital to start a patent saving fund, just by the performances of such roles; yet Margaret has sense and judgment enough to know that were she to essay such parts as Desdemona, Mariana, and Hertzog in "The Black Crook," she would find herself more completely double-banked than the otherwise pale moon was on a recent Sabbath morn. And so with Clara Morris—in Alixe, Madelein Morel, "The Sphinx," etc., she has made her mark, as well as made money; but should she leave that fertile field for pastures new, and attempt such parts as Lady Macbeth, Spartacus the gladiator, the Jibbenainosay, Uncle Tom, Mrs. Bulgruddery, and similar impersonations of the real, the beautiful, and the true, she would find herself knocked higher than the proverbial kite, or tumbling from the apex to the base of the conventional theatrical ladder. So we say to Miss Morris, pause! Let not your towering "ambition o'erleap itself," and flop you down in the mud and mire of wrecked hopes, and in the darkness and desolation of a chaotic future.

INASMUCH as the various candidates for office have promised us better times and a sufficiency of roast beef should they be elected, it is safe to predict that, taking the assurances of our political friends, the country is about to be released from the rough and rugged edge of despair, and to sail hereafter in less turbulent waters. So then, in a political sense, hard times should cease when the election polls close on the 3d of November, 1874.

GENTLEMEN who have heretofore voted in both New York and Philadelphia are a little chagrined to learn that this year the two cities will vote on the same day, thus depriving the voter of "one of his inalienable rights and privileges," and robbing him of the reward he has heretofore so nobly and industriously earned. No wonder that other nations say republics are ungrateful.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ Oct. 26: Foreign dispatches were to the effect that in a speech at a banquet at Bordeaux, France, the Duke Decazes foreshadowed the speedy conclusion of a commercial treaty with the United States; that Marshal Bazaine had arrived in London, Eng.; that James Stephens, formerly Head Centre of the Fenians here, had declined a national subscription; that the people of Paris, Ill., would, as soon present to Queen Victoria an illuminated address thanking England for sympathy extended after the seige; that Paul Boynton, the American who proposed to swim the English Channel, exhibited his apparatus at Queenstown, Ireland; that the Duchess of Braganza had denied that her daughter Donna Blanca instigated atrocities committed by Carlists in Spain; that the report that Germany was about to send to France a note endorsing the Spanish complaints with reference to the Carlists, and censuring the French Government for approving of the tone of Spain's last communication to France; that the inaction of the Republican army in Spain is due to the fact that the forces are being filled with fresh levies to supply the places of large numbers whose term of service has expired; and that 108 Carlists belonging to Lazona's band had effected a surprise on a company of Alfonsists at ——At Fort Garry, Manitoba, Lepine, tried on a charge of being an accessory to the murder of Thomas Scott, was found guilty ——In an affray in Mexico, Col. Wm. Wells, U. S. A., and Lieut. W. A. Eastland and Wm. Norris, the former was shot five times, fatally, Norris being twice wounded ——An abbess was reported to be on trial in Moscow, Russia, charged in series of ——Loss by fire, amount of $400,000 ——In a letter written in answer to the Pope's note protesting against the prosecution of the German Bishops, the Emperor William says that he has no right at all in any power to live at peace with the Church of Rome, but that he is bound to protect the State against the violent attacks and conspiracies of the Church ——Garfield was re-elected to Congress by straightened circumstances, and had accepted assistance from Alexander Ross of Toronto ——Losses by fire: Messrs. Thorburn & Co.'s flour mill and other property in Cayuga, Ont., $40,000; R. P. Burgan's planing-mill, Mansfield, Pa.—$15,000; Low & Horton's carriage factory, Troy, N. Y.—$10,000.

Oct. 27: It was reported that thousands of persons in Southwestern Nebraska are in a starving condition, many being without means to leave the State ——It was cabled that Bazaine's defense at his trial had failed to identify the person who claimed to be Nana Sahib, and who has since declared his former statement false; that Austria had informed the Porte of her intention to treat with the Danubian principalities; that in an official note to the papers the French Government stated that the Spanish memorandum refers more to the Carlist leaders, and that no cause exists for the alarm felt by Spain; that the Porte had refused to permit the foreign consuls to participate in the investigation of the late massacres in Montenegro; that the Joint Stock Agency had accepted Bowles Brothers' propositions, and adopted the triple currency funding project; and that the new Inman steamer City of Chester, 2,500 tons burden, was launched at the yard of Clyde ——Elbert Jackson, colored, made a confession at Jamaica, L. I., accusing Lewis Jarvis, also colored, of murdering Samuel J. Jones at Success Pond, Reichsang, and Siauffenberg and Hasenel Vice-presidents; and that the Prussian authorities were investigating the circumstances of the publication ——The official canvass of Baltimore gives Buhrer and Arnim ——Ed. Lee, colored, shot and killed Daniel Christian, also colored, at Anderson, Ont. ——The female cook was drowned by the capsizing of the tug Favorite, at Detroit, Mich. ——George W. Davies was killed on the railroad near Middletown, N. Y. ——Margaret Scully, aged 14, accidentally shot herself, it is thought fatally, at Detroit ——Burglars robbed and then set fire to the dwelling of Jacob Tell, in Pittsburg, Pa., Margaret Lynch being suffocated and Joseph Tell badly burned.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALLIEN, Julien L.—A native of this city, and one of its leading merchants. At the age of 18 he entered the French imporing house of Fanche & Co., which afterwards became Sorchan, Allien & Diggleman, and finally J. A. Allien & Co. He was one of the founders of the Western Homœopathic Dispensary—this city, Oct. 31, aged 56.

ANTHON, John H.—Son of John Anthon the lawyer, and nephew of the late Prof. Charles Anthon of Columbia College. He was at one time the representative of this city in the State Assembly, and later Assistant District-attorney under Nelson J. Waterbury. He also stood high as a Mason.—Jersey City, N. J., Oct. 29.

BEST, William—Real-estate agent, conveyancer and collector in Philadelphia, Pa.—that city, Oct. 25, age 159.

BARBER, George Anthony—An old cricketer, who was connected some twenty-five years ago with the Orleans Club, and subsequently with the Germantown Club.—Oct. 25.

BURNHAM, A.—A prominent citizen of Monticello, N. Y. Of morphine, prescribed by a physician, but taken in an overdose—there, Oct. 25.

BIERWIRTH, Leopold—Consul at this port for Wurtemburg. He was a member of the first Emigrant Commission here, which he was instrumental in establishing—Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 29.

CAUSTEN, James H.—Figured prominently as agent for the French spoliation claims, and for a long time was Consul at Washington, D. C., for Chili and Ecuador. He was a native of Baltimore, Md., and a volunteer aid-de-camp to Lafayette in the War of 1812—Washington, D. C., Oct. 28, aged 86.

CARY, William H.—A prominent builder and manufacturer, and Superintendent of the Fifth Ward of Troy, N. Y. ——Committed suicide—there, Oct. 31.

CROUT, Hezekiah—A local Methodist preacher of some repute in Baltimore, Md., where he has thrice a member of the City Councils.—Oct. 29, aged 62.

DAVIS, George—Assessor in the Sixth Ward of Philadelphia, Pa.—that city, Oct. 23.

DE PEYSTER, Colonel Fred—Son of General Watts De Peyster. The deceased entered the army at the outbreak of the late war, and rose to the rank of colonel by brevet. After the war he turned his attention to literature, and wrote for the magazines. He came of a family distinguished in the annals of this city—Red Hook, N. Y., Oct. 30, aged 31.

DORSEY, Celia Susannah.—A well-known colored washerwoman of Baltimore, Md., five miles beyond the limits of which she had never gone in her long life of one hundred and three years.—Oct. 29.

EDIE, Major J. R.—Of the Ordnance Department of the U. S. Army.—Washington, D. C., Oct. 29.

ELLIS, William H.—Philadelphia letter-carrier, and a member of the Republican Invincibles—that city, Oct. 28, aged 27.

ELDRIDGE, Charles P.—Eldest son of Joseph C. Eldridge, P. M.—Brooklyn, Nov. 1, aged 25.

FITZMAURICE, Rev. Patrick—Roman Catholic priest. He was a native of Listowel, County Kerry, Ireland, and graduated at the Propaganda, Rome. He died of injuries received in being thrown from his carriage at Blossburg, Pa.—St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City, N. J., Oct. 27, aged 52.

FINK, Julius Constans—Actor, professionally known as J. F. Constans. It is reported, but no names are given by way of verifying a story that seems incredible, that on the occasion of the benefit of his favorite, at Detroit, Mich., George W. Davies was killed on the railroad near Middletown, N. Y. ——Margaret Scully, aged 14, accidentally shot herself, it is thought fatally, at Detroit ——Burglars robbed and then set fire to the dwelling of Jacob Tell, in Pittsburg, Pa., Margaret Lynch being suffocated and Joseph Tell badly burned.

GREINER, Dr. Julius—Physician, of Newark. He had been a leader in the German Revolution of 1848, and was one of the five who formed a provisional government over one of the Rhine provinces. He was arrested at the fall of that movement, and from Munich received the degree of Doctor of Laws. Coming to this country in 1851, after having escaped from imprisonment while under sentence of death, he settled in Newark, N. J., as a lawyer ——that city, Oct. 26, aged 59.

GRISWOLD, Whiting—Massachusetts lawyer, well known in political circles, and at one time an unsuccessful candidate for Governor of that State. Chief among the figures wrought by him are "Hero" and "Leander." A statue of "Truth," by him, is in the Peabody Institute, and the heroic-size statue of Chief-justice Taney, in the yard of the State-house at Annapolis, Md. The two Caryatides that support the great portico in the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., are his work, as also are portions of the bronzes in the doors of the Capitol. He was the son of a poor farmer, received but a moderate education, and by his self-study and directed to the sculptor's art while watching the operations of quarrymen on his father's farm—Rome, Italy, Oct. 28, aged 47.

HOLMES, Mrs. Frances Van Vranken—Wife of Rev. John McC. Holmes, and daughter of the late Rev. Prof. Samuel A. Van Vranken, D. D.—Hudson, N. Y., Oct. 30, aged 38.

HAMAN, Dr. James—A Baltimore physician, having about 1851, graduated at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. He was also a local preacher in Baltimore, and a leader in Grace Episcopal Church. He had been afflicted with consumption for about ten years, and died in the residence of his son-in-law, William Shakespeare—Baltimore, Md., Oct. 28, aged about 48.

HOLLAND, Mrs. James G.—Wife of J. G. Holland, connected with the Washington office of the Associated Press—that city, Oct. 29.

KELLY, Rev. Benjamin.—Of Drew Methodist Episcopal Church, Port Jervis, N. Y.—there, Oct. 26.

KLEINHOLZ, Henry—A well-known dealer in books. He was born in London, Eng., and was apprentiged to Treuttel & Wuertz, German booksellers, and for a long time was in the employ of Asher & Co., afterwards removed to Dublin, and in 1836 came to this country, being first with Wiley & Putnam, next with Appleton & Co., then with Mohlenbrink, Bibbs, and finally with Scribner & Co.—this city, Oct. 25, aged 66.

LEF

AQUATIC.

CHAMPIONSHIP DOUBLE-SCULL RACE

The second important match ever decided in English waters in double-scull boats was rowed on Thursday, October 15, over the usual championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, on the Thames. The match was for £200 a side, and was one in which the North was pitted against the South, the former being represented by R. W. Boyd of Gateshead and W. Lumsden of Blyth, while the Southern champions were T. Green and Henry Thomas of Hammersmith. Green and Thomas have been pretty well known on the Thames during the last four years, and, associated with William Biffen and John Anderson, they have had more than an average amount of success. Thomas, who was born at Brentford, is twenty-seven years of age, stands 5ft. 10½in., and weighs 156lb. He is a very well-knit man, and has always proved himself a thoroughly reliable oar, though in sculling he has not yet achieved great things, his principal performances in that way being his second to Biffen for the Thames Regatta Coat and Badge, and his victory over Harding of Barnes Bridge by four lengths. Up Corney Reach some rough water was encountered, and for a little while the northerners were rather unsteady, and the Hammersmith men gained. Up the Chiswick Meadows, however, Boyd and Lumsden got away again, and were rowing as well as ever, whilst the others were evidently labouring, and before reaching the head of Chiswick Eyot, gave no more promise of altering the position of affairs. Before reaching Barnes, the north-countrymen were six lengths ahead, and, without any extra effort save a little spurt, could do what they chose. As they would, they finished winners by four lengths. Time for the whole distance, 21min. 54sec.; to Hammersmith, 7min. 56sec. The result goes to show that the North has two good men who may fairly be expected to take the places of the old division, now fast dropping out of the ranks.

HARVARD BEACON REGATTA.

The annual Fall regatta between the classes of Harvard University came off on the usual course on Charles River, Boston, Mass., Saturday afternoon, Oct. 31. A strong wind was blowing, and the water was very rough, thus making the two contests forming the programme appear below:

Four-oared lapstreak race; two miles, one turn; five silver cups.

Holworthy—Harrison, '76, bow; Tower, '77; Slade, '78; Riggs, '76, stroke; Herrick, coxswain..... 1
Weld—Bates, '77, bow; Harwood, '77, stroke; Long, coxswain 2
Mathews—Roberts, '76, bow; Prince, '75; Milton, '75; Phelps, '75, stroke; Jennison, coxswain..... 3

Respective time—16:36½, 16:40⅝, 16:50¼.

Six-oared lapstreak race; two miles, one turn; Beacon Cup and seven silver goblets.

Holyoke—Wiley, '77, bow; Ely, '78; Morgan, '78; James, '76; W. B. Bacon, '77; Otis, '76, stroke; Norris, coxswain..... 4
Mathews—Weld, '76, bow; Harriman, '77; Patten, '77; Taylor, '77; Handling, '77; D. Bacon, '76, stroke; Jennison, coxswain..... 2
Weld—Green, '76, bow; Loring, '78; Thayer, '76; Watson, '76; Martin, '77; Whetmore, '75, stroke; Long, coxswain..... 1
Holworthy—Denton, '76, bow; Scudder, '75; Brown, '76; Dana, '74; Hall, '76; Appleton, '76, stroke; Butler, coxswain..... 3

Respective time—13:34½, 13:37½, 13:52½, 13:57.

GEORGE BROWN, according to a dispatch from Halifax, N. S., has closed with Joe Sadler's offer, as promulgated through *Bell's Life*, the race to be five miles, with a turn, the stakes £500 a side, and the *locale* Halifax or Springfield, Mass., at the option of the English champion.

A BOAT RACE came off at Hartford, Ct., on Oct. 31, between a crew from the Seniors and Juniors of Trinity College, Capt. Dubois, and a crew from the Sophomores, Capt. Hooker. The latter six won, doing the distance in 15:26¾.

EDWARD BELL AND J. E. Denison, members of the Andrus Boat Club of Hartford, Ct., sculled two miles, with a turn, for the local championship, Oct. 24. Bell, although at one time about ten lengths behind, won by a boat's length, in 15:57.

GEORGE NEWMAN, a newcomer, defeated Frank Kilsby, an old-timer, in a scullers' race for £50 a side, from Putney to Mortlake, on the Thames, Eng., Oct. 13. The race was easily won by eight lengths.

THE RING.

BILLY EDWARDS vs. FIDDLER NEARY.

That the anticipated encounter between these boxers was regarded with a degree of interest far greater than is usually attached to stage meetings between knights of the magic circle, was demonstrated by the great crowd which assembled at the Bowery Theatre on Friday evening, Oct. 30, when Billy Edwards was the recipient of a benefit. There was scarcely a foot of available space in the auditorium that was not occupied, and a number of well-known members of the profession were congregated upon the stage. Preliminary to the grand event of the evening, sets-to took place between Arthur Chambers and Prof. Judd, Warwick Edwards and Jim Kelly, and Mike Coburn and Ned Mallahan (a deaf mute), which created a most interesting and productive of excitement among the audience. Hooper Lane and John McMahon also gave a pleasing exhibition of the art of wrestling, in which they excel. Finally the moment so long and anxiously waited for arrived, but it looked as though they were to be disappointed after all, for Neary, over whose features a card had that morning been published, saying that he would not spar with the beneficiary) had not made himself visible to the naked eye, and another man—Patsy O'Hara—appeared on the stage with Edwards, stripped for the fray. However, when Billy advanced to the footlights, and made a brief and somewhat cutting speech to this effect, "Fiddler" arose from his seat in one of the upper tiers, and shouted that he was ready to box Edwards, which was hailed with a glad shout of approval from the excited throng. Billy, however, feeling indignant because of the efforts made by Neary to injure the exhibition pecuniarily, was not inclined to gratify the latter by giving him an opportunity to set-to, after having refused, and told the audience that he had a better man there (pointing to O'Hara) than Fiddler, and that if they—the audience—could wait, he could. This didn't suit the crowd, however—it wasn't what they went to see—and the chorus of voices shouting "Neary!" "Neary!" induced Billy to accommodate them, and he called to Fiddler to come down and prepare for business. Then such a shout went up as seldom is heard, before shook the walls of this ancient temple of the drama, and everybody sought to elongate their necks and distend their eyes beyond the natural limit, that they might the better witness the gladiatorial treat in store for them.

Like those who had gone before, the heroes of the evening appeared in ring costume, barring that they wore merino under-shirts and after shaking hands without throwing much affection into the grip, they stepped back, placing themselves in position for business. Both were excited, and Neary, who was overanxious, commenced leading, and began lustily slamming a blow at Billy's clean-cut dial, but the latter turned it aside, and administered a telling hit on the side of the head. A few rapid exchanges followed in favor of Edwards, when Fiddler clenched him and after a severe struggle was thrown with considerable force. Though short, this round demonstrated that Billy was Neary's master—particularly in long-range work—and at its conclusion a shout went up which reminded one of that which filled the Casino when Edwards laid Pete Croker low. The severe hits received by Fiddler in the second round, and the little change that he was able to give, evidently convinced him that he was over-matched in the matter of science and powers of hitting and therefore he confined himself to close-quarter fighting and efforts to overpower his antagonist by his supposed superior physical strength. It was hammer-and-tongs work all through the half-dozen rounds they contested, with the advantage on the side of Billy, who gained five out of the six falls, the other (in the second round) being accredited to Neary. It may be said to have been one continuous struggle from first to last, for, however were the principals that comparatively little time for rest was taken between the rounds. At the conclusion of the sixth round the wind had been entirely taken out of the sails of Neary, who was suffering also from a severe blow delivered in the pit of the stomach, and he declined to continue the contest longer. Then the crowd yelled again, and enthusiastically shouted the praises of the victorious Edwards, who, in answer to their demands, stepped to the front of the stage and spoke a piece, saying that he hoped this meeting would prove a lesson to his vanquished antagonist, who in future would probably keep his word when he promised to set-to. A storm of cheers greeted Billy as he retired to the dressing-room, where he told Neary that if the latter got up a benefit in a week or two he (Edwards) would wind-up with him, to which Fiddler responded that that was too soon; but he would give an exhibition in five or six weeks, and in the interim "get right" for Billy. While in the dressing-room considerable chaff and some pretty sharp talk took place between Neary on the one side and Arthur Chambers and Mike Coburn (both of whom have for some time been at loggerheads with Fiddler), but no trouble occurred. The encounter of the evening proved conclusively that Neary can neither spar nor hit with Edwards, and that his superior strength is of little avail against Billy, unsupported as it is by the slightest knowledge of wrestling, in which latter regard the champion is likewise very deficient. As was to have been expected both men were much blown when all was over, but Edwards was in much better order than his opponent, from whose olfactory organ the claret had been profusely distilled. The friends of Neary claim that he is capable of doing better when in as good trim as Edwards always is, and if such is the case, Fiddler should seek a second meeting, as the result of that on the 30th cannot but detract from his reputation as a boxer. Uncle Bill Tovee was M. C.

WHERE ALL SHOULD GO.—Mrs. Kerrigan, the blind vocalist, who for many years past has been a great favorite with the patrons of Harry Hill's Variety Theatre, where her sweet voice is mightily heard in popular ballads, has been tendered a complimentary benefit at that establishment on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 5. A programme more than ordinarily attractive has been prepared for this occasion, among the special features being exhibitions of the science of flstology by Billy Edwards and his brother Warry, Jimmy Kelly and Seddons' Mouse, and others who have gained fame on the turf and stage. The full company regularly engaged here will appear in songs, dances, negro acts, etc., and Mrs. Kerrigan will sing "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and "Twenty Years Ago." The matinee commences at 3 o'clock.

A BELT FOR EDWARDS.—Harry Hill and a few other friends and admirers of the light-weight champion Billy Edwards have started a subscription list for the purpose of raising a sufficient sum of money to present to him a suitable belt, as a reward for his numerous victories in the ring and with the knuckles, and in recognition of his great merit as an exponent of the art of self-defense, and his gentlemanly deportment in private life. Nearly one hundred dollars has already been subscribed, and as it is desirable that Billy's friends in other portions of the States be afforded an opportunity to contribute, we are requested to state that such contributions will be received and taken charge of by Mr. Harry Hill, and he can be addressed either in care of this office, or at 26 East Houston street.

DEATH OF JEM GOLLAGHER.—This well-known pugilist died somewhat suddenly on Tuesday, Oct. 13, in Somers Town, London, Eng., at the early age of thirty-two, and by the wish of his brother a post-mortem was made by Dr. Paramore, who found the cause of death to have been rheumatism of the heart. He made his first appearance in the P. R. with Professor Jones, on March 9, 1861, for £10 a side, whom he stopped in 4 rounds. Dutch Sam (Aaron Moss), Jack Hicks, Jem Dove, and Abe Hicken (after he had lost the sight of his left eye) were also old opponents of his in the magic circle, which he never left as a beaten man.

BILL FERGUSON of Salford, Eng., who fought Tiney Tom, Jim Turner (Red Jim), young Tom Lane, Ned Quinn, and several others, died recently, as we learn from a letter received by Arthur Chambers from Spring Dick. He was born July 31, 1835, stood 5 feet 5½ in. in height, and weighed 130 lb.

SAM COLLYER'S address in Pittsburgh, Pa., is No. 23 Sixth street, instead of No. 19, and his saloon is styled the St. Cloud.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Barney Aaron and Geo. Ogden.

THE TURF.

JEROME PARK—LAST DAY OF THE RACING SEASON.

EXTRA DAY—SATURDAY, OCT. 31.

The racing season of 1874 in the North was brought to a brilliant close on Saturday, Oct. 31, at Jerome Park, by an extra day's sport, given by the American Jockey Club. The large attendance of visitors who were attracted to this course on the last day of the regular Fall meeting, and the visitors' unanimous expression of gratification at the day's sport, induced the Jockey Club to take advantage of the delightful Indian-summer weather we have recently enjoyed, by giving an extra day's racing to appropriately wind up the turf campaign of 1874. A liberal programme of attractive sport was provided, and promptly responded to by owners of horses, for there were no less than thirteen horses entered for each of the two handicap steeplechases which were on the day's card, and the other purses had good entries. The day was very fine, and Jerome Park, with all its surrounding wooded heights, never looked more lovely, robed in their autumnal livery of crimson, russet and gold. The attendance was very large, fully 6,000 people being present on the course, while additional thousands occupied the heights which overlook the track; the two steeplechases being of course the attraction to the majority. The track was in fine order, and in two fast races the fastest time ever made at Jerome Park was recorded.

THE FIRST STEEPLECHASE

was a handicap for a purse of $800, of which the second horse received $200; entrance free; and over about two miles and a half of fair hunting country. Of the thirteen horses entered, five came to the post; most of the others preferring to wait for the second steeplechase, which was the last race of the day. The runners were Torrence's b. h. Moondance (formerly called Two Tweed), 5yrs., by Asteroid, dam Alabama, 160lb.; Gaffney's ch. g. Sutcliffe, 4yrs. old, by Lightning, dam La Victime, $1,000, carrying 108lb.; R. W. Walden's b. g. Mildew, 5yrs. old, by Lexington, dam Mildred, $300, 99lb.; and J. G. Bethune's b. g. Resolute, 5yrs. old, by Hurrah, dam Emma Downing, $500, 85lb. The brilliant public running of B. F. Carver during the past season warranted him being backed at odds against the field, but suspicion of a "throw" being in contemplation in this race was generally aroused by finding that in the pools sold on that horse Mildew, a very inferior horse, was a far better favorite than Carver. Even the judges' attention was drawn to this suspicious circumstance, and caused them to watch the race very narrowly. Pools sold as under:

Mdse	$75	$310	$250	$300
B. F. Carver	50	205	175	175
Hurrah gelding	45	220	145	150

The flag fell to a fair send-off, but the colored rider of Carver very deliberately pulled his horse almost to a standstill, and made no effort to go until the other two horses were a dozen lengths ahead of him. Even as Carver passed the judges' stand, Taylor, his rider, was pulling him as hard as he could, and continued to do so throughout the race. Mildew cut out the running, with the Hurrah gelding at his quarters, around the upper turn and the club-house bluff, where the latter got on even terms, and the pair ran lapped to the head of the homestretch. Halfway up, Mildew drew clear by a length, but the gelding came again, under the persuasion of whip and spur, and was only beaten half a length in the fast time of 1:58¼; Hurrah finishing seventy or eighty yards ahead of Carver. The singular running of the latter confirmed previous suspicions that the race was intended to be "thrown," and both Coffee, the owner, and Taylor, the colored rider, were called into the judges' stand; the latter to give evidence as to the orders he had received about riding the race. Promptly was the decision of the judges rendered, and it was that "John Coffee the owner, Taylor the jockey, and B. F. Carver the horse were ruled off the course of the American Jockey Club." The decision was received with loud cheering and unanimous approval. It would have been better, perhaps, if the judges had gone a step further, and ordered an examination of the pool-box to ascertain who were the active participants in the affair by getting on the money on Mildew, so that they also might have been ruled off the course. The sentence passed effectually prohibits Coffee from ever entering or running a horse on any course in the United States or Canada, where a regularly organized jockey club exists, either in his own name or that of a recognized confederate; and also prevents the jockey from again riding in a race or being employed in any racing stable. The severity of the verdict will go far to convince turfmen that "Honesty is the best policy," even in racing affairs. Mildew was sold at auction for $340, to Dr. Welton.

THE MILE-AND-HALF HANDICAP

for a purse of $600 for all ages—of which $100 and the entrance-money to the second horse—had four starters out of the six entered; Mary Clark, having run in the steeplechase, being drawn, and Nettie Norton prevented running by the expulsion of her owner, John Coffee. The runners were Thompson's c. f Emma, 3yrs., by Australian, dam Mary Iunis, 86lb.; Lawrence & Lorillard's b. h. Shylock, 5yrs. old, by Lexington, dam Edith, 114lb.; Puryear & Co.'s b. c. Grinstead, 3yrs., by Gilroy, dam Sister to Rurric, 98lb.; and Weldon's b. h. Kadi, 5yrs., by Lexington, dam Katonah, 108lb. Grinstead's recent successful and brilliant running caused the knowing ones to plunge heavily on him at the following rates:

	Grinstead	Shylock	Kadi	Emma
Grinstead	.....	$150	$100	$110
Shylock	55	.....	40	50
Kadi	35	20	.....	30
Emma	30	15	30	.....

A capital start was effected, Emma going to the front, and cutting out the running at a clinking pace, with Grinstead second, Shylock next, and Kadi last. Coming up the stretch, Shylock passed Grinstead, as also did Kadi; the latter taking second place at the stand. Emma opened a gap of three lengths in going around the turn, but before the club-house bluff was rounded the pace began to tell on her, and both Kadi and Shylock were on even terms with her at the half-mile pole; Grinstead laboring in the rear, and unable to extend himself in his customary style. On the lower turn, Donohue gave Shylock his head, and in a few strides he was in the front, Emma second, with Kadi lapped on her, and the favorite close on the latter. Entering the homestretch, Shylock galloped clean away from his horses, and won the race very easily by three lengths in 2:38, the best time ever made at the distance at Jerome Park, and the best at the weights anywhere. Grinstead finished four lengths before Kadi, who was six leng hs before Emma. Glenelg, at four years old, with only 100lb up, ran a mile and a half at Monmouth Park in 2:37¾, and Exchange, 4yrs. old, with 104lb., ran the same distance at Lexington, Ky., in 2.38, but neither performance is equal to Shylock's, who carried 114lb as a five-year-old.

THE HACK RACE

was for gentlemen riders, a dash of half a mile, for a silver cup of the value of $300, and a stake of $20 each. Five were entered, but one of them, K. Elches' c. g. Crown Prince, not being entered in his owner's name, could not start under the rules. The three runners were Pierre Lorillard's Girl of the Period, by Virgil, dam Nannie Butler, ridden by Mr. Peters, and carrying 151lb; B. Purdy's Satinella, by Kentucky, dam Satinstone, 145lb., ridden by owner; and E. Center's Whitehose, 151lb., ridden by owner. Girl of the Period, a well-known fast filly, was made a hot favorite, pools selling as under:

Girl of the Period	$170	$525	$410	$330
Whitehose	55	160	150	110
Satinella	53	70	80	70

The favorite got some lengths the best of the send-off, with Whitehose second, and holding her advantage throughout the short dash of half a mile, won easily in 50¾sec.; Satinella second. For this race Lord Roseberry officiated as judge in place of Mr. Purdy.

THE SECOND STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP

had the same horses entered that were in the first one, thirteen in number, of which the following five came to the post: Torrence's b. h. Moondance, 153lb., and his Moonstone, 155lb.; Ayres' Diavolo, 140lb., and his Blind Tom, 148lb.; Lawrence & Lorillard's Resolute, 140lb.; Littell's Mary Clark, 148lb.; Tully's Vesuvius, 148lb., and Green's Harry Booth, 140lb.; Lawrence's Austrine, 135lb.; and Cattanach's Impecunious, 142lb. Moonstone carried 7lb extra for winning the first steeplechase, and Mary Clark 3lb for being second in the same. Trouble's superiority as a steeplechaser was well known, and in consequence Torrence's entry was made a hot favorite, pools selling as under:

Torrence's entry (Trouble and Moonstone)	$300	$510	$400
Lawrence & Co.'s entry (Resolute and Austrine)	110	75	110
Mary Clark	85	55	70
Diavolo	70	45	70
The field	110	80	90

A good start was had, Trouble at once assuming the lead, followed by Harry Booth, Diavolo, Resolute, Mary Clark, and the rest in a bunch. Hyland on the favorite made the pace a cracker, and the horses soon began to string out. All jumped beautifully until they reached the ninth fence, where Diavolo refused, bolted, and was not again in the race. The horses presented a magnificent appearance as they ran around the south field in Indian file, Trouble leading, Diavolo next, Mary Clark and Resolute third and fourth, Blind Tom and Moonstone next, and Impecunious succeeding, with a couple of lengths separating each. In this succession they reached the water-jump, which all cleared in fine style, amid much enthusiasm. Going up the picnic hill, Moonstone bolted, and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more. At the stone wall in the north field, Austrine got rid of her rider, but continued in the race, taking the jumps without a jockey, along with the others, to the great amusement of everyone. Diavolo continued in hot pursuit of Trouble, and got on even terms with him at the last hurdle; but Trouble outran him to the stand, and won the race by half a length in 4:18, the best time ever made over this course. Resolute finished third, Mary Clark fourth, Vesuvius fifth, and Blind Tom last, Impecunious, Austrine and Moonstone not going over the course. In view of the improved running of Resolute in Richardson's hands, the judges decided that Gaffney had "pulled" the horse, and ruled him off the course. This was a severe verdict, and many were of opinion that the horse had got well warmed up in the first race, which sufficiently accounted for his lumpy running in the second, without necessitating the adoption of the conclusion that the horse had been "pulled." Gaffney has been connected with the turf for six years, and has hitherto maintained an unsullied reputation.

OCCIDENT DEFEATS JUDGE FULLERTON.

The trot between the above-named flyers of the Pacific and Atlantic coasts came off at San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 31, and a dispatch from that city gives the following particulars: "The weather was fine, and the grounds were covered with spectators. Fullerton was made the favorite, but the friends of Occident were confident of success, and backed their opinion freely. Pool-selling was begun on the course at 1:30 o'clock, and became quite brisk, a large amount of money being wagered on the contest. The following figures will indicate the average of the betting:

Judge Fullerton	$200	$260	$210
Occident	165	180	155

When the horses came to the starting-post, between five and six thousand people were present. The race was for a purse of $5,500, and was one of the most exciting ever witnessed on this State. Occident was driven by Budd Doble, and never made a skip in any of the heats. Fullerton, who was driven by Hickox, broke badly after the start in the last heat, losing about seven lengths, which he could not regain. The first heat was won by Fullerton, and the second and third heats and the race by Occident. Time, 2:19; 2:18; 2:22¾. Probably $50,000 changed hands on the result, which caused great excitement."

THE OWNER OF THE ST. LEGER WINNER AND THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.—The Reverend J. W. King of Ashby-de-la-Laune, Lincolnshire, is the owner of the celebrated mare Apology, the winner of the One Thousand Guineas, Oaks and St. Leger. Mr. King is an old man, upwards of 80 years of age, but all his life he has been an owner and breeder of thoroughbred horses, as was his father before him. Some of his stock have been of such superior racing merit, that Mr. King has frequently allowed them to run for public prizes, some of the most valuable of which have fallen to him. The Bishop of Lincoln "affectionately" calls upon Mr. King either to give up racing or resign his living, on the ground that it brought discredit on the sacred profession, and inflicted injury on the church of which he was a minister. Mr. King replied by referring the bishop to his solicitor, not believing that the fact of possessing a splendid horse and running him for public prizes is in itself wicked, especially when the head of the Church annually gives many thousands a year away in the shape of Queen's Plates to encourage the breed of racehorses. Mr. King is the person who, when his trainer John Osborne telegraphed him on the morning of the Doncaster St. Leger that his mare Apology had gone lame, and it would be best not to run her in that race, immediately responded by the same medium, that "all Lincolnshire had backed Apology, and she *must* start, even if she had only got three legs to run on." A leading London journal, referring to the discussion, says: "The man who could set the good example of showing that horse-racing is compatible with honesty, and that it can be indulged in without gambling, ought to be regarded as a benefactor to the human race."

A FALL TROTTING MEETING will be held at Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 4, 5, 6. Premiums amounting to $7,000 will be given in six purses, and on the last day Goldsmith Maid will trot against her best record, 2:14, for a special purse of $1,500, a runner being driven against her to hurry the mare up.

MATCH FOR £1,000.—The Atlantic cable informs us that on the 31st ult. Mr. Dawson's c. c. Prince Charley and Mr. Aumont's c. c. Peut Etre (the winner of the Cambridgeshire) contended at Newmarket, Eng., in a match for £500 a side. Prince Charley was an easy winner.

TRIGGER.

SHOOTING AT CREEDMOOR.

The ninth competition for the *Turf, Field and Farm* badge took place at Creedmoor, L. I., Oct. 31. Forty-one marksmen participated, each being allowed two sighting and five scoring shots, at 200 yards; any rifle allowed; standing position. The score made by each competitor appears underneath.

J. J. O'Kelly	4	3	3	3—16
J. T. B. Collins	4	3	3	3—16
Col. Gildersleeve	4	3	4	2—16
H. Fulton	3	4	4	2—16
W. S. Smith	3	4	3	3—15
J. S. Jewell	3	4	2	3—15
J. L. Boutiffler	4	4	3	2—15
Sergt. Collins	3	2	3	3—14
B. Burton	3	3	3	2—14
J. W. Gardner	2	3	4	3—14
Sergt. Benam	2	4	3	3—14
E. H. Madison	2	3	4	2—14
Geo Crouch	2	2	3	3—14
W. H. Clarke	2	2	3	3—13
Van Rensselaer	2	4	3	0—13
G. Burbank	3	2	2	2—13
W. C. Redde	2	3	2	2—12
C. T. Rollins	3	2	3	2—12
P. Lark	3	3	2	2—12
A. V. Davis	2	2	2	2—12
D. M. Morris	2	2	4	2—12

The two highest scorers, Messrs. O'Kelly and J. T. B. Collins, decided their tie by a single shot, when the former scored a centre, his opponent making an outer.

PEDESTRIANISM.

HARVARD ATHLETIC GAMES.—On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 24, the first annual out-door games of the Harvard University Athletic Association (organized a few weeks ago, and now numbering over 300 members), were held on Jarvis Field, Cambridge, Mass., where a quarter of a mile track had been prepared. There was a large throng upon the grounds, composed of students and residents of the vicinity, who evinced much interest in the several competitions, for each of which numerous entries had been made by undergraduates. The respective winners were as follows: 100 yards race, Kittredge, '76, in 11 sec., running high jump, Danforth, '77, 4ft. 8in. Mile-race, Bird, '77, in 5:41¾. Running long jump, Keys, '77, 15ft. 8in. Hurdle-race, over eight hurdles 3ft. 6in. high, Latham, '77, in 13⅛ sec., the hurdles being placed 30ft. apart. Throwing baseball, Tyng, '76, 306 ft. Two-mile race, A. L. Lowell, '77, in 12:04⅘. 880 yards race, Sturgis '77, in 2:53½. Three-legged race, 100 yards, Latham and Leeds, '77, in 14⅘sec. Three-mile walk, Taylor, '77, in 39:57. The second meeting, at which a number of prizes will be offered, will be held at Beacon Park, Boston, next Spring.

WE ARE INFORMED that a young man "only nineteen years old," who is not anxious that his name should appear in print, walked 20 miles in 3 hours 45 minutes and 46 seconds, at Deerfoot Park, near Brooklyn, L. I., on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 1. He did it in a match against time, the backer of the scythe-bearer wagering that he could not accomplish the task in four hours. Not bad at all.

ED. MULLEN AND WM. E. HARDING are to appear at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Nov. 4, afternoon and evening, and at Tony Pastor's, this city, on the afternoon of the 6th and the evenings of that date and the 7th. At each performance they will walk half a mile, in costume, on the stage, for which they will receive a stipulated sum.

THERE ARE THREE LETTERS in our care for Ed. W. Moulton.

MAINE WEATHER.—The people who reside upon the coast of our most northerly State thus describe the weather:

Dirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
From January up to May,
The rain it raineth every day.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Without a blessed gleam of sun;
And if any of them had two-and-thirty,
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

AMUSEMENTS.

CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1875.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1875, which will be published in December, will doubtless have a large circulation, and our patrons will find it an invaluable medium for placing their business cards under the permanent notice of their customers; and proprietors of halls and opera-houses will find an announcement in it a valuable adjunct to their standing advertisements in THE CLIPPER.

We are now prepared to receive advertisements at the following rates and on our usual cash terms: For one page, 7¾x4⅝in., $40; half a page, $20; quarter of a page, $10; a space of 25x3l ems agate, $5.

Advertisements should be sent in early, so as to secure a good position.

FRANK QUEEN,
Publisher and Proprietor,
CLIPPER office, 88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

BRILLIANT OPENING AND CROWNING SUCCESS

P. T. BARNUM'S GREAT ROMAN HIPPODROME! P. T. BARNUM'S
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THE AMUSEMENT MARVEL OF THE AGE!
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ALL FORMER TRIUMPHS ECLIPSED!
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With rapturous applause, welcome the reappearance of the

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THE NEW AND DARING RACES,
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NEW FEATURES IN EVERY DEPARTMENT
NEW FEATURES IN EVERY DEPARTMENT
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of the

GREAT ROMAN HIPPODROME!
GREAT ROMAN HIPPODROME!
GREAT ROMAN HIPPODROME!

NEW PERFORMERS, MALE AND FEMALE,
NEW CHARIOT RACES,
NEW HURDLE RACES,
NEW JOCKEY RACES,

And the thrilling contest, entitled

INDIAN LIFE, INDIAN LIFE,
A CHASE FOR A WIFE.
A CHASE FOR A WIFE.

This grand and novel spectacle of Indian life introduces one hundred of the leading ladies and gentlemen of the company, presenting by far the most exciting exhibition of horsemanship and equestrianism ever witnessed. It represents with vivid truthfulness the varied scenes of the camp, the conflict and the capture, with all the excitement incident to the wild and exciting buffalo hunt upon the Plains. The bold and brilliant riding of Miss MAUD OSWALD (the Chief's daughter) thrills all beholders as she dashes fearlessly among her pursuers, executing capture with movements of lightning-like rapidity, and with a skill never equaled in the history of female equestrianism. The thrilling act will be introduced, in which the usual varied programme, at each exhibition.

GRAND MENAGERIE open daily at 1 and 6.30 P. M.
GRAND HIPPODROME Performances at 2 and 8.
Box-office open daily from 9 to 4. Seats secured six days in advance. Grand Orchestra, $1.50; Orchestra, $1; Family Circle, 50 cents. 32-1t.

BOOTH'S THEATRE. CUSHMAN.
MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S FAREWELL.

MISS CUSHMAN will appear every night this week (save Saturday) and at the SATURDAY MATINEE in her immortal part of

MEG MERRILIES, in the romantic drama,
GUY MANNERING,

which will be offered with all of Sir Henry Bishop's delicious music interpreted by superior soloists, an augmented orchestra, and the OPERATIC CHORUS of 100.

On THURSDAY next an EXTRA MATINEE of MEG MERRILIES.

On Saturday evening MACBETH, in which MISS CUSHMAN and MR. VANDENHOFF will appear.

THE LAST NIGHT OF MISS CUSHMAN.

Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S engagement begins on Monday, Nov. 9, when RIP VAN WINKLE will be presented.

The box-office will be open continuously from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. 32-1t

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA-HOUSE, 201 Bowery, opposite Spring street.
GRAND HOLIDAY MATINEE ON ELECTION DAY.
TUESDAY, NOV. 3—HOLIDAY.
GLORIOUS ATTRACTIONS FOR THIS WEEK.
The dashing MORGAN SISTERS,
JENNIE MORGAN and ANNIE MORGAN.
The famous song, dance, and specialty Ethiopian Comedians, MESSRS. MILES and EVANS.
A new sensation and serio-comic local drama, entitled
THE NEW YORK MECHANICS.
Scenery, Effects, Situations, and Appointments all new.
Reappearance of LARRY TOOLEY.
TONY PASTOR, BILLY BARRY, ALL THE STARS.
EXTRA—Next Friday afternoon the champion pedestrians, ED. MULLEN of Boston and W. E. HARDING of New York, will appear immediately after their great walk from New York to Philadelphia and return, and walk Half a Mile around a ring erected upon the stage. They will repeat their half-mile walk upon Friday and Sat. evenings. 1t

UNION-SQUARE THEATRE.
Proprietor ..... MR. SHERIDAN SHOOK
Manager ..... MR. A. M. PALMER
BEGINS AT 8. OVER AT 10.45.
SATURDAY MATINEE AT 1.30.
SECOND WEEK
AND
POSITIVE SUCCESS
OF THE BRILLIANT REVIVAL OF
FAIRE IN HAYTI.
which has attracted during the past week a series of most brilliant and crowded audiences.
Saturday, November 7.
SECOND MATINEE OF HUNCHBACK. 32-1t

OLYMPIC THEATRE,
622 BROADWAY,
Every evening and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.
First appearance in America of the greatest English Acrobats,
THE MARVELOUS FAUST FAMILY.
Prof. Faust and two sons in elegant Gymnastic Specialty.
First appearance of MISS EMMA HOFFMAN in song and Character.
UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTIONS.
GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT.
The Princess of Trolley. Vincent and Talbot as the Gendarmes. GUS WILLIAMS in farce and Dutch comicalites. SENORITA MONTEJO and Troupe of Castilian Beauties in the Charming Pose. The hit of the season.
RICKEY AND BARNEY
in two new farces. THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.
MISS SADIE O'NEILL'S Excelsior Jig. Quintessence of Ole Virginny. 100 Artists in Opera, Sketch, Farce, Song, Dance and Variety. 32-1t

LYCEUM THEATRE. SOLDENE
M. GRAU & CHIZZOLA ..... Lessees and Managers
EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE,
SOLDENE ENGLISH OPERA BOUFFE.
Nov. 2, first appearance in America of
MISS EMILY SOLDENE
and her complete and powerful
ENGLISH OPERA BOUFFE COMPANY,
on which occasion will be produced, with an unparalleled ensemble, and with a stage attire of unprecedented beauty, Offenbach's most tuneful Opera,
GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT
(represented upwards of 600 nights in London).
DROGAN (her original character) ..... MISS SOLDENE
ENGLISH OPERA BOUFFE is referred to by the London critics as combining the SPARKLE OF FRENCH WIT AND MUSIC with OPERA COMIQUE ELEGANCE and the
DELICACY OF ENGLISH COMEDY.
Seats secured six days in advance. 32-1t.

GRAND CHARITABLE ENTERTAINMENT—The Bowronville Dramatic Association beg to announce that their first entertainment of the season will take place at Apollo Hall, Fifth street, near South Fourth, Williamsburg, Wednesday evening, Nov. 4, 1874. Programme—"The Swiss Cottage, or Why Don't she Marry?" "Blackwood; Susan, or All in the Downs," and "My Neighbor's Wife." N. B.—The entire proceeds of all entertainments given by the above Association are devoted exclusively to charities. Tickets, fifty cents. 32-1t*

HARLEM MUSIC HALL.
McDOUALL & LYNCH ..... Managers.
Now open for the season with a
POWERFUL
VARIETY COMPANY,
including only first-class artists. Admission 30c, 50c, 75c.
Talent wanted at all times, especially lady artists. 32-1t

SPECIAL NOTICE.
THE
McDONALDS,
AND
JAMES BABY,

take this method of acquainting the different managers with whom they have engaged that they have this day made a three months' engagement with the
SCHUMANN
TRANSATLANTIC COMBINATION,
and sail for Havana Nov. 5; therefore are compelled TO CANCEL
ALL OTHER ENGAGEMENTS.
With many thanks to the various managers, I am respectfully,
JAMES McDONALD,
and his wonderful child,
BABY McDONALD.
New Orleans, La., Oct. 27, 1874. 32-1t.

PUNCH-AND-JUDY FIGURES, magic lantern and slides, cabinet for box-trick, 36 stereoscopic views, with sideshow painting, decapitation feat, etc., for sale. "Calls" (with which any party can talk and sing in Punch-and-Judy "biz") sent postpaid for 50c.
Address, MAGICAL M'F'G CO.
32-1t* 47 Elizabeth street, Toronto, Canada.

TO MANAGERS AND BAND LEADERS.
J. HOLBROOK, JR.,
second violin and alto player, desires an engagement.
32-1t* Address, SHERBORN, Mass.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, TO COMPLETE THE BARTLETT SISTERS' COMBINATION AND COMIC OPERA TROUPE,
a tenor singer, a second violin player, who plays alto in brass, a flat cornet player, a snare drummer who is capable of taking part in burlesque operas, and a lady to take part in burlesque operas, must be a fair singer. Address, stating salary, which must be low, but sure; also state where telegram will reach, HARKNESS & DAUM,
32-1t* Peoria, Ill.

**TO MAG

QU'EST CE QUE VOUS VOULEZ DIRE?

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BILLY DEVERE.

What is it that you wished to say,
While yet your lips refused to speak?
Why was thine eye bedewed that day?
Why drooped the lash upon thy cheek?
What meant that dear, appealing look,
As from my sight you passed away?
Oh! tell me, darling—trust in me—
"What is it that you wished to say?"

Thine *eyes* were looking through my soul
Afar o'er miles of shimmering sea,
Where dwells that sweet consoler, Hope,
And still it brought no joy to thee.
A void is in thy bright young life,
Thou'rt longing, praying every day,
For something that thou canst not find:
"What is it that you wished to say?"

Ma mie, tell me, let me look
But once within thy fairy dell;
Ah! trust me, it shall sacred be
As those where gods were wont to dwell.
I would but lift the glossy pall
That darkens thy young soul to-day;
I'd make thee happy—tell me all:
"What is it that you wished to say?"

Ah! trust me, darling—to betray
A heart like thine, so sad and lone,
Is something I could never do,
An action I could never own.
I'll kiss the teardrop from thine eye,
And turn thy grief to joy to-day;
So tell me, *ere* I say good-bye:
"What is it that you wished to say?"

Newark, N. J., Oct. 19, 1874.

JACK'S SISTER;
OR,
WOMANLY PAST QUESTION.

CHAPTER XLI.
NO HOPE WHATEVER.

"A letter for you, Miss," the maid said, coming into the sunny breakfast parlor where Miss Leyburn and Enid were at work—or rather, the former was working, and her niece, grown sadly silent and languid of late, was leaning back in her chair, her hands resting on her work, and the patient, gray eyes looking far, far away into the hazy, sunlit distance. It was just eight days since Jack had left; and Miss Leyburn was observing, rather irritably:

"It's really very strange he doesn't write. Only one line saying that he was in Paris, and nothing more. I wonder if he has left, and missed our letters. Let me see. I wrote, and you—you wrote twice, didn't you? One on Monday, and once—what day was it? Enid, why don't you answer me? I don't like to find fault; but it is customary in well-regulated families for a young lady to listen with at least a show of interest when her elders are speaking."

"I beg your pardon, auntie," said Enid, bringing back her thoughts with a nervous start; and then the servant came in, holding out the letter on its quaint silver salver.

"From Jack?" asked Aunt Jane, forgetting offense in curiosity.

"No; a London letter. I don't know the hand. It looks—why! O auntie! Merle—poor Merle!"

And Enid rose to her feet, trembling all over, her eyes round and wide, and her face the color of death.

"Merle? What astounding impertinence! Jack was right, then," cried Aunt Jane indignantly.

But Enid stopped her, the tears streaming fast:

"Auntie, don't—he is ill, dying! O my poor boy!"

And in a voice choked with sobs, she read aloud the letter, one written by a Mr. Dyce, a London surgeon, and stating that ten days ago he had been called in to attend a young man suffering from an attack of brain fever, brought on by some sudden shock acting on a fragile and already overwrought constitution; that he had found the patient in a very dangerous state, and quite delirious; that he had never rallied or recovered consciousness since; that all his cries were on the one name, "Enid," uttered with frantic and pathetic energy; and that as he seemed to have no friends, and was now sinking so fast as to be past hope, Mr. Dyce had thought it right to examine his papers; and finding several letters signed "Enid Leyburn," and testifying that the writer was a near and dear relation, he had taken the liberty of writing to that lady, in the hope that she would come up to London without delay, and lend the aid of her presence to soothing the last hours of his fever-stricken patient: after which the address of Merle's lodgings.

"Of course you will not go," said Aunt Jane calmly.

Enid looked at her.

"I don't believe it, for one thing," added the elder lady. "It is a hoax, got up with some friend of his to frighten you into a reconciliation. Infamous! As if you had not been deceived enough already."

And roused by the look, at once shocked and determined, on her niece's face, Miss Leyburn went on to demonstrate that, even if it were true, it would be highly improper and unsafe for her niece to go up to London on such an errand; that neither Jack nor Mr. Leyburn would have dreamt of allowing Enid to run after a man who had jilted her; that proper inquiries could be made, and, if he were ill, nurses and medical attendance provided; but as to outraging propriety, and setting all the neighbors talking afresh, Miss Leyburn would neither countenance nor permit it. In vain Enid tried to soften her, tried persuasion, even coaxing—Miss Leyburn stood firm; and at last the girl stood up.

"It is no good talking," she said sadly; "I must go, even if you will not come with me. He may be dying now—dying in want of me. There is a train at 12.30. I can catch that."

"In direct defiance of my commands, Enid!" cried her aunt, aghast at such obstinacy in one usually so docile. "Are you mad?"

"No: I am only trying to do right. Auntie, can't you trust me? Have I not been all my life as careful about propriety as even you could be, and would I seem to go against it if it were not for a higher duty? It makes me wretched to vex you; but I can't disobey my mother. I promised her to watch over him through all my life; and oh, Aunt Jane, don't let me be driven to break it harder for me! But I must go—I must."

"Very well, my dear," said Miss Leyburn coldly, the old jealousy of her sister-in-law roused by this frank preference for the wishes of the dead. "Then I shall hand you over the keys, and write to your brother, telling him why it is impossible for me to remain in charge of a house where my orders are defied."

She rose up as she spoke, and Enid said no more. Perhaps she thought silence was best. Her aunt was a Leyburn also, and the Leyburns were not a yielding race. Without another word she went out, quietly and swiftly made her preparations for departure, ordered the pony-carriage, and told the old nurse, who still lived in the house, a petted pensioner of the family, that she would be wanted to accompany her to London. Unfortunately, Aunt Jane had preceded her, and nurse Alice demurred. She would go herself, and right gladly, to nurse Master Merle, though he was always a troublesome boy—for her young lady in such a wicked, God-forsaken place as London, and Heaven only knew what sort of lodgings, perhaps catching the fever—it wasn't right; and what would Master Jack say?

Enid stopped her very gently, but firmly:

"We will not talk about it, Alice. I must go; and you must be ready to go with me, or shall take Jane."

And at that awful threat Alice succumbed at once. The old woman was mightily jealous of anyone but herself waiting upon her darling.

When all was ready, Enid went to her aunt's room, and bade her good-bye. She was not crying now, but her eyes were heavy with tears, and her face looked unnaturally pale against the black dress and bonnet.

Miss Leyburn looked aghast.

"And you are really going," she said—"going alone to that young man's lodgings in some London back slum? Forfeiting your character forever."

"No, auntie," said Enid quietly; "I am taking old Alice, and I hope—I think my character stands too high to be forfeited by going to nurse my cousin on his deathbed. Good-bye. I wish you would have come too; but I dare say you will forgive me when I am gone."

And without more words she went, taking the reins into her own hands for once, and considerably increasing Miss Leyburn's respect for her by doing so.

How long that journey to London was! It seemed hours before they reached the outskirts of that vast city, whose rows and rows of wet roofs and blackened chimney-pots seemed to extend in every direction as far as the eye could reach; hours more before the train had worked its way through these, and stopped at the huge station, with its bawling cabmen, bustling porters, and seething, shrieking, hurrying crowds of men, women and boys; more hours still before they had left all these behind and were at their destination. She had only been in London once before, Alice never; and the latter was in the abnormal state of fright, bewilderment, and agitation peculiar to old country-women on first arriving in a great city. But there are people whom it seems impossible to fuss or fidget, and Enid was one of them. Though she felt like one passing through a painful dream—though brain, heart, and soul were filled to overflowing with the one sad object of her journey—the means for reaching that object never became vague or confused in her mind, however great the confusion around her. The very sight of the intense calm on her pale face awed Alice's lamentations into silence, and procured her such prompt attendance from porters and cabmen, that she was the first of the passengers to leave the station and be driven over the crowded, foggy, clattering London streets to her destination.

It was reached at last. A mean house, in a dingy street near the river—a street so dingy, so poverty-stricken, and even disreputable-looking, that old Alice began to cry and fret at her daring to bring her mistress being brought to such a locality; and even Enid shuddered as she stepped out of the cab, and entered the doorway, where stood a filthy little lodging-house drab, whose frowsy head and cap fluttering from one ear were about on a level with the young lady's waist. The next moment she had forgotten street, house, and all alike, for the door of the dingy, shabby little parlor on the first floor stood a gentleman in black, who came forward, saying her own name in tones of pleased surprise.

"Your patient?" Enid gasped.

She knew he was the doctor, though she did not even look at him, but at the door beyond—the door leading into an inner room. It was with difficulty even those two words were uttered.

"Just the same. I am glad you have come, and so promptly; but, my dear madam, you look quite ill yourself. You must not think"—following her glance —"of going in directly. Merle is quite unconscious; and, though your presence is a relief to me, you must remember that there is no hope—no hope whatever."

No hope whatever! She seemed to repeat the words; but, in reality, they were only ringing in her ears, ringing and mingling with the waving walls of the room, and the dizzy, whirling brain. No hope! No hope!

Why did it strike her like a blow from some heavy hand? She had known it before, read it in the doctor's letter—journeyed up to London, angering Miss Leyburn, and possibly Jack, beyond forgiveness, on that one persuasion; and yet, now that she heard it uttered, it seemed like a new sentence of death. Her mind refused to grasp it; her whole body reeled and sickened under the shock: and her hands went out with a mute, imploring gesture, as though catching at something to protect her.

"Sit down, Miss Leyburn, sit down," the surgeon said hurriedly, laying one hand on her arm to guide her to the little horsehair sofa. "There, don't stir. I ought not to have spoken so abruptly; but I thought you were prepared."

"Don't 'ee give way now, don't 'ee—my lamb," urged old Alice, coming to the girl's side with her bottle of salts, and a heart divided between sympathy for her nursling and a dread lest the latter was compromising her dignity. "Her poor brother, you see, sir."

"No, not my brother," Enid murmured, steady to truth even in this horrible faintness. "My ——"

"Yes, yes," put in the surgeon kindly. He knew the relationship as well as she did. "Don't exert yourself. No, that's nothing"—as a long, moaning cry came from the next room. "Your brother is quite delirious—he will go on in that way for hours."

But Enid was all herself again now. That pitiful cry, in which her own name seemed to mingle, had restored her scattered senses quicker than any amount of salts or sal volatile. She stood on her feet at once, very pale, but quite composed, and with a gracious dignity which infused a new element of respect into the pitying patronage of the doctor's manner.

"I am quite strong now, thank you," she said; "and I must go in, please. I will be very quiet; but he—he is not my brother, but my cousin, and my husband that was to be—he wants me, I am sure. Indeed, you may trust me not to do him harm."

Looking into the grave eyes and steady mouth, the doctor thought he could. At any rate, he offered no resistance, beyond a faint murmur of deprecation on the score of her own fatigue; and, opening the door of the sick-room, let her pass in before him.

She went straight to the bedside and stood there, seeing nothing and feeling nothing at first save a great blackness, a terrible awe, as though she had passed the borders of this world, and were gazing into the obscurity beyond. Then her eyes seemed to open suddenly, and she saw in one moment the narrow bed; the one small window, with an old tablecloth pinned over it to keep out the light; the crumpled pillow; the dirty, tumbled bed-clothes, stained with medicine, and clenched within the poor skeleton hands; the dark head, whose waving silken curls had rested against her shoulder so often—so often in earlier days: which had been humbled to the dust beneath an actress' feet two weeks ago.

Thinking of the other patients who needed him, and wondering whether he dared leave her, the doctor was watching her narrowly. He saw her lips quiver, and her eyes fill; but, as if guessing his hesitation, she turned round and spoke, very gently and quietly:

"If you please, I would rather be left alone; and you have other business, I dare say. My nurse will stay here, and do anything you like to direct her, sir. You need not stay now, Alice. I will call you in a few minutes."

The doctor bowed, and went out. He saw she needed solitude just then, and silenced Alice's remonstrances by calling her into the outer room with him. Then the door closed; and for the first time—the first time since he had taken his arms from round her, and gone away to betray her trust and ruin his own honor—Enid was alone with her cousin: the man whom God had stricken down in his folly, with the ashes of the Dead Sea fruit dry and crumbling in his mouth, and the memory of her outraged love maddening in his brain.

Did she think of him in this light? Far, far from it. In that supreme moment, the past year, with all its passionate love, its capricious neglect, and final, fatal betrayal, had passed away altogether, forever. The man lying there upon his bed of pain and fever was no longer the lover whose selfish passions had wrecked her life, but the little child whom her mother had confided to her care, the boy she had played with and protected, the college youth in whose young ambition and ripening talents her whole pride was knitted with such glowing, happy anticipation—who had been all the world to her, and for whose happiness she had been willing to sacrifice herself and all that that world had to offer her.

"Merle! Merle! Merle!" she cried, falling on her knees, and taking his burning hands into her soft, cool clasp, while the tears rained down fast and free at last. "If I could but have helped you better! O my poor, poor boy—my darling!"

Somehow he seemed to hear her. The fierce look of pain faded out of his hot, flushed face, the gaunt hands tightened round hers, and the dry, baked lips turned to her with her name—"Enid! Enid!" repeated so often, and with such an accent of terror and beseeching, that it almost broke her heart to hear him, and not be able to satisfy that agony of need.

She did her best. She lifted his head from the hot, flattened pillow to her cool, round shoulder. She held his hand tight in one of hers, while with the other she swept the dark hair off his fevered brow, and bathed it with sweet, refreshing scent; murmuring words of comfort all the time, in tones tender as a mother over her suffering child, soft and soothing as a little dove above her wounded mate. So the doctor found her when he came in to pay his evening visit; and so he left her, kneeling in the darkness, with the unconscious head still upon her shoulder, and all that fevered moaning stilled at last. Merle was in a heavy stupor, the first approach to sleep during the last ten days.

His cousin sat up with him that night, and many others. Alice took her place in the morning, and again in the evening; for Enid was far from wishing to burn out her strength in romantic self-devotion, and so break down before the end—the end which must come, do what she would to ward it off. The night was his worst time, the fever running highest then—though never so high as before her coming, never so fiercely but that the sound of her gentle voice could soothe its ravings into silence; but in the morning he was wont to fall into a sort of coma—a stupor which only the fixed, unseeing eye showed was not sleep; and then Enid would lay his head softly on the pillow, and creep away to her little attic room and hard bed upstairs, there to bathe her weary head and hands, and fall asleep as soundly as a child, till Alice came to warn her of the doctor's visit, and send her down to receive him. Mr. Dyce was not alone in his attendance now. A great physician came three or four times to call at No. 15 Minchin street; but he could do no more for the sufferer than the surgeon had done—nothing but shake his head, and agree, in solemn whispers, with his modest coadjutor that death was only a question of days. The constitution was worn out, and as soon as the fever ceased to burn, life must cease also. There was no appeal.

"He may recover consciousness at the end—probably well," Sir William said condescendingly, in answer to Enid's anxious question. "But I cannot promise it, nor advise you to count on it as a certainty; for, even if the brain be not permanently injured, the bodily exhaustion will be so great that—that, in fact, when the fever dies, our patient will probably be capable of nothing for a long time. You may not even know the exact moment."

"In sleep," suggested Mr. Dyce.

"Yes, or coma—fainting, in short. Very sad case, I am sure. So young a man! and did you say a B. A.? How very interesting indeed; but then you have no constitution to work on—eh, thank you. Good-morning. Pray believe, my deepest sympathy; and Mr. Dyce fully competent. *Good*-morning."

So, with courtly bows, and pocketing his two guineas, the learned pundit departs, leaving nothing behind but a bearer load of patient sorrow in Enid's gray, sweet eyes, and an extra shade of civility in the dingy landlady's manner to her new lodger, as being the means of attracting that grand carriage and brace of liveried flunkeys to the smoke-felted purlieus of Minchin street.

The sick-room looks very different now. Pillows of down and snowy linen have replaced the coffee-colored drapings and knotty wool bags of the fevered couch. Cool, green curtains and white blinds exclude the light, and the view of chimney-pots, broken bottles, and stray cats from the little window. The tattered drugget, in which the most punctilious landlady must have tripped his feet twenty times a day, has been taken up and replaced by fresh, soft matting. The window in the outer room stands always open, letting in a current of such pure air as might filter through soot, and smoke, and river exhalations, to the sick-room, where long, frosted glasses of pure white lilies, cluster roses, scarlet geraniums, and dusky, southern-scented heliotropes, fresh from Covent Garden every day, fill the air with sweet, outdoor odors of Summer-scented gardens in the fair, sweet country far away. Everything is neat and orderly now. Cups, cups, becalmine or medicine bottles, dirty glasses, confusion and discomfort, all gone—banished by Enid's presence and Enid's fingers. And yet it is so little she can do; or else all else looks little while that motionless figure lies racked and fevered upon the bed, and Death waits with greedy hands, opening wider day by day, to snatch his victim from the loving arms which would fain hold him back.

Sometimes, when the heat of the day was over, and Merle had grown more quiet, Enid would steal out, driven to get a breath of fresh air by Alice's entreaties, and, passing along the narrow street, wander into yet dingier lanes and alleys, shrinking from the public throughfares by reason of the curious, glaring timidly from side to side, like a strange bird brought from distant woods to this foul place, and wondering at the grim, harsh-featured women issuing from teeming cellars and ruinous garrets; at the heaps of old clothes and worn-out boots exposed for sale upon the edge of the pavement; at the ragged, half-starved, grimy children; the haggard, bold-eyed girls, and gaunt, unshaven men; the unutterable dirt, and desolation, and God-forsaken misery on all sides.

Not altogether God-forsaken: for very early she had begun to distinguish, amid the roar and din of the great city, a little bell ringing out morning and evening, as if it were a voice from Heaven, calling the back slums to prayer. Since then, she had amused herself by following this bell: and had tracked it to a little red brick tower, rising over a low-arched gateway, among a nest of the very poorest and meanest habitations. This door stood always open; and, venturing to peep in one day, Enid found herself in a little chapel, very clean and neat—nothing but a double row of forms, a lamp burning within the wooden railing of the sanctuary, and within that a round window of stained glass, which threw "warm gules," and blues, and violets upon the tiny altar, covered with a white cloth, and surmounted by a plain wooden crucifix, and a bowl of flowers, fresh every day.

It was some little Roman Catholic or Ritualistic chapel, Enid knew that at a glance; but which of the two she could not tell for the life of her, her experience of churches being strictly limited to the old minster and Archdeacon Hamilton at home. After all, it mattered very little to her. At the hour at which she happened to be free, there was never any service going on; and she got into the habit of gliding in day by day, and kneeling down in the cool, dim, quiet way to pray out her load of tears and sorrow alone. It was like laying down a weight of woe at the feet of the Saviour, for she always went home calm and comforted; and how often in after days she thought of the healing quiet of that small chapel, and thanked God for the refuge she had found within its nameless walls! No one ever troubled her meditations there. The noise and clatter, the laughter and curses, from the street without, came softened by distance, like a heavy murmur upon the quiet air.

Now and then, a little girl, laden with a too heavy baby, tottered in and sat down to rest before going on her way. Now and then, a rude boy would throw a stone inside, and fly, laughing yet terrified, at hearing it rattle upon the wall. Two or three times she found some white-haired man, or bent and withered crone, crouched up near the altar railings—perhaps in prayer, perhaps in thought, perhaps only in the sleep their noisy, sin-crowded dwellings drove away. Once a wan-faced, haggard girl, gay with tawdry finery, and soaked with rain, drifted in for shelter, stared wildly about, and then with one low cry, "My God, have mercy on me!" covered up her head and slunk away again, as though unworthy to remain—poor fallen Magdalen!—in any hallowed place. But those were all that Enid ever met there; save that one day, as she was leaving, a clergyman—priest or parson, his dress did not declare—stayed her on the steps with a kindly glance, and the words:

"I fear you are in great trouble. Is it one that can be helped?"

"No," Enid said sadly; "only by God—there is no hope." Then, with another thought, "Are you the clergyman for this parish, sir?"

He shook his head decidedly.

"No, only a missionary priest. The parish church is St. Martin's; but one of the curates lives quite close to here, round the corner in Norfolk street, No. 10. Are you in want of him?"

"Not yet," Enid said, her eyes brimming.

And then she went on her way, though not without a kindly "God help and comfort you!" from the stranger to cheer her homeward route.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MERCIFUL IRISHMAN.—A son of the Emerald Isle, once riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, discovered that the horse was getting tired, whereupon he dismounted, put the potatoes upon his shoulder, and again mounted, saying "it was better that he should carry the praties—he was freeher than the poor baste."

LEADER AN' DE SWAN, OR DE SONG WID NO END.

A Colored Operette Bouffe in One Scene.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

GEOPHILUS BAWL, known as the "Black Swan."
Eccentric Tenor.
LEADER OF ORCHESTRA.....Baritone.

Costume.—BAWL imitates the vocal celebrity of the day; evening dress, much shirt-bosom and more diamond stud. LEADER also caricatures the Theodore Thomas, Muzio or Gilmore of his locality.

Scenery.—Any set scene in second grooves, an interior being most suitable.

Properties.—Chair or chairs; roll of music or showily bound music-book for BAWL; music parts for musicians.

NOTE.—Bawl's ballad complete is as follows:

"At de foot of Bedford hill,
In good cheer dar had grown
A miller who plays still
On his silber trombone."

Scene.—Interior in second grooves. Curtain rises. Stage clear, showing a theatre poster: "Renewed Detraction! Engagement of de Black Swan, that World-renowned Tenor, Mr. Geophilus Bawl, in all his favorite Songs ebery night!"

Enter musicians R. and LEADER, same taking seats there and arranging their music. They look at the poster, chuckle and sniff derisively.

MUSICIANS.—Yah! [*Yawning.*]

LEADER [*seated more C*].—What dat mean, gemplemens! why yer not remember whar you am? Ise riglar dislocated at sich low simpletons of dishapprobatiums as [*yawns*] Yah!' 'Cause a wocalist is not kerzackly twin-brother to a scalpaninny, am dat 'ar a good reason to go [*yawns*] yah, yah! as him? Besides, you musn't run before de public judgment—let dem find him out—of time an' tune. Dat'll be mighty soon enuff! An' don't yer prewent dem saying yah, yah! wid your yah, yahs! Why, when I was fust gong-player at de Opera, dar was a belle—[*Bell rings L.*] I mean t'oder kind ob bell—belle ob de ballet—[*Bell rings L. Angrily*]—all right! I clean forgot de new tenor! Dat's just me, for when I was at the Summernight's concert [*the musicians stare at him*] I sold de programs [*musicians fall back satisfied*]—a woman said she'd ring [*Bell, same*] my nose if [*Bell, same*]—hang dat bell! [*Beats time. Prelude of any ballad, not that* BAWL *tries to sing.*

Enter BAWL L., *comes to C., bows, etc., sings:*

At de foot ob Bedfort hill,
In good cheer dar had grown
A miller ——

Hold on, dar! dat aint de ting at all! [*Musicians cease playing.*]

LEADER [*calmly*].—What's wrong, pray?

BAWL.—Pray! enough to make a fel—gempleman swar! Dat aint my cumpinament—folks what don't know harmony had better stay to home, and not ruin de expedition of dar inkpoesity.

LEADER.—Folks what knows music always send me de right parts, sah! Dem's guv jist as dey come! [*Musicians nod.*]

BAWL.—I dar'say; but dat air haint got eben de air of my air, dat are air!

LEADER.—Is dat your air? [*Amazed.*] Den your air must be blowed away.

BAWL [*dignified*].—My ballad, sah, was de celebrated "Foot ob Bedford Hill."

LEADER.—What made him ill?

BAWL [*more dignified*].—You'll much oblige me, sah, by leaving me out, I'm afraid.

LEADER.—Quite de hairistocrat!

BAWL [*suddenly*].—What dat air [*points*] under your berry nose? [LEADER *rises, and finds he is sitting on music.*] I tought I knew him by de edge—*kee!*

LEADER.—I had no idea I was on yer ill foot, sah! [*Goes out. The music to his musicians.*]

BAWL [*impatiently*].—When you are quite ready, but don't hurry.

LEADER.—Dis fellah's impudence reminds me when I was in de circus at New Haven—dar was a gnu havin' a horn.

BAWL [*get a chair L.*]—Oh, take yer horn slowly, by all means. [*Sits C.*] I kin wait to de end ob yer tale.

LEADER [*offended*].—Not at all wulgar, dis man. Oh, you shall hab yer accompaniment. Tink yerself clebber in taking de chair? Now, I played wid a comic wocalist at Cairo ——

BAWL.—Fare?

LEADER.—Cairo.

BAWL.—Oh! anoder yarn! [*Rises.*] I'll call again —in a day or two. [*Crosses L. with chair.*]

LEADER.—Stop! Since you hab arrove, don't be a rover! [*To musicians*]—He'll stick here all night 'less we play him out. [*Aloud*]—READY, gemplemen! You wid de flageolet, please don't fish for yer back toof wid yer implement! Attention, company! [*Beats time*]—One, two! [*Music, prelude to* BAWL'S *ballad.*]

BAWL [*sings*].—At de foot ob Bed——[*sustains the note.*]

LEADER [*sarcastically*].—I'd long to hab sich a breff. [*Speaks with musicians.*]

BAWL [*stops, furious*].—When you have quite done gabbling togedder——

LEADER [*angrily*].—Well, sah?

BAWL.—Gabble apart! [*Sings very sweetly*]—At de foot ob de Bed——

LEADER.—Poor fellow! Did um stop all night at de foot ob de bed——

BAWL [*stops*].—What dat you say, sah?

LEADER [*softly*].—Merely a scientific observation, not intended for de common ear—do go on!

BAWL [*sings*].—At de foot ob Bedford hill, in good cheer ——

LEADER [*laughs*].—He's slid off of de bed into a good cheer. ' [*While* BAWL *is sustaining the note on "cheer,"* LEADER *rises to get chew of tobacco of musician up stage.*]

BAWL [*singing*].—Chee-ee-eer! [*Stops.*] 'Pose yer tink it perlite to go quid-hunting when I am warbling?

LEADER.—Was dat warbling? You was in a good cheer—didn't want to upset you—dat all, dat all!

BAWL.—Encouraging! What exquisite perliteness! Quite de Chestnutfield!

LEADER.—It doesn't please my party to spin out de tremble-o all dis time. [*Beats time again.*] Now, den, if *you* are *quite* ready?

BAWL [*sings*].—At de foot ob Bedford hill, in good cheer dar had grown——

LEADER.—Dat am a groan! I say, your groan is too full grown!

BAWL.—Had grown a mill —— [*loses breath, gasps*].

LEADER.—His wind is all ground out—not a windmill.

BAWL.—Dar'll be anoder kind of mill heah pretty soon. [*Sings*].—A miller who plays ——

LEADER [*disgusted*].—Den he ought to go to work!

BAWL [*glaring at* LEADER, *but restraining himself, sings*]—A miller who plays still ——

LEADER.—Still! Kee, he! Now, I tink him berry noisy! [*Lays down bow and violin, and pulls out a newspaper, which he reads. Music ceases.*]

BAWL.—You're anudder! [*Furious.*] Will you take up your bow—yes or no, sah?

LEADER.—Nebber! a big drum would blush to accompany you!

BAWL.—Dis big drum! A nice healthy pack of drummers you've got dar! Why, halt dem is doing nuffin while I sing—look dar! [*Stoops to take up the bow to point with.* LEADER *spanks him with his fiddle.*] Dar's dat gempleman—I'se had my eye on him—not a note ob his does be blowed! And him, too! [*Points.*] Whatever I jerk out, deuce a bit will dat indiwiduble *trumpet!*

LEADER.—Dat's right—dey's marking time!

BAWL.—Let time go unmarked! And dar's yer second fiddle ——

LEADER [*offended*].—Violin! You do violinse to my feelings, sah!

BAWL.—Dat second fid-olin! him wid de mustash! Why must he hash does and rays and roles like dat, hey?

LEADER [*handkerchief to his face, talking through his nose*].—De audience likes his *does* as buch as your'd! Why, I leave [*cough*] it to any good [*coughs*] judge—you sing like a rusty hinge ——

BAWL.—Nobody *can* sing to *sich* a band! Support me properly and I'll show you [*pauses*]—for a dime a head!

LEADER.—So we will, if you will keep within balloon-shot of de tune. [*All prepare to play.*]

BAWL [*defiantly*].—I always do my best.

LEADER.—And dat's his worst. I'll trouble you, gemplemen! and den *he'll* trouble you, you bet! [*Prelude as second time.*]

BAWL [*sings*].—At de foot ob de Bed —— [*Out of tune.*]

LEADER.—Too low! You are too low on de *bed!* You should rise on de *bed!*

BAWL.—How can a pusson rise on de bed and yet stay at de foot ob it!

LEADER.—I aint heah to answer conundrums. It's *sings*] "At de foot ob de Bed"—and not [*sings like* BAWL] "At de foot ob de Bed."

BAWL [*laughs*].—Call dat by de name ob—yah, yah, yah—singing! Why, you don't half-make enough ob de note ——

LEADER.—Spread him out on de bed, den! 'Thus—[*sings*]—"At de foot of de Bee-ee-ed ——" [*Stops.*] But I'se not gwine to execute your singing, too—you kin murder him alone!

BAWL.—Sah!

LEADER.—I mean, you sing it killingly.

BAWL.—I accept de apology. [*Sings*]—At de foot of de Bed ——

LEADER [*applauds*].—Not bad, not bad!

BAWL [*stops, surprised*].—I said Bed—not *bad* ——

LEADER.—Dat's it—*I* said not bad!

BAWL.—I knows yer did!

LEADER [*to musicians*].—Ky! he don't see dat!

BAWL [*pugnacious*].—Bedfort ——" [*sustained note*].

LEADER.—He's got a berry strong hold ob dat fort. [*Aloud*]—It's ford, sah, ford ——

BAWL.—I can't afford it—"fort"—[*sustains note to tremolo, kept up by orchestra*].

LEADER [*speaking through the music and* BAWL *singing*].—Dat niggah'll nebber get 'cross dat ford.

BAWL [*stops singing*].—If you keep on gabbling, de party will wear out dar dear little trembleohs! [*Cease music.*]

LEADER.—Dear, no! [*Beats time.*] Go to bed ag'in.

BAWL [*sounding notes*].—Do—oh, my! re! ha! ah! Whar was I? Oh, in de cheer! [*Sings*]—In good cheer dar had grown ——

LEADER.—He's really splendid on de groan!

BAWL.—Many t'anks! But perhaps you wouldn't rebel in my 'pinion ob you!

LEADER [*rises and bows*].—From so courteous and talented a gemplemun ob color [BAWL *bows deprecatingly with a grin*] any opinion would be as welcome as [BAWL *grins and bows very low*]—worthless! [*Aside.*] Had him *dar!*

BAWL [*angrily*].—You're a fraudulent frost ob de darkest dye!

LEADER.—Me a frost?

BAWL.—Ob de frostiest kind! [LEADER *lays down violin and bow, and goes up stage in a rage.*]

BAWL [*to musicians*].—Kee! is de ole man offen took dat way! [*To first violin*]—'Pose you try de shake widout him! I'll bet it will go better! [*Music prelude.*]

BAWL [*sings*].—At foo-oo-foo ——

LEADER [*comes down*].—Oh, I'm a foo-foo too, am I? [*Kicks* BAWL, *who drops his music.*]

COMIC DUO.

LEADER.—A frost, am I? Nebber before but once in my life was I ebber so chillingly treated. Dat was ober at Squampool, when I officionsated at de pleananner at Scudder Jack's Hotel ——

BAWL.—Eh, what? What dat? Not at Scudder Jack's Hotel?

LEADER.—Yaas. Dar was a tenor dar what dejected to my own song ob de Quahog and de Pigs ob Lead, and called me ——

BAWL.—A frost ——

LEADER.—Dat woice! dat happy 'treat! Why, don't say it war you?

BAWL.—It were! De Brack Swan!

LEADER.—You warn't dewallopped into a Swan den! De yaller gals called you a duck!

BAWL.—And gabe me no peace. Yaas, dat's me! I is full-fledged now!

LEADER.—Oh my fren'! [*They fall in, embracing, and remain seated.*] Why, gemplemen, you behold in dis young man de Cream ob Tenors!

BAWL.—And you, gemplemen, are presided ober by de Champion Conductor.

LEADER.—You was some time finding dat out!

BAWL.—Yaas, till I heard yer sing! Den I knowed it sartin true—you would make a good leader, 'cause de last should come furst!

LEADER.—Oh! [*They sing and dance. Curtain.*]

THE EASTERN MONARCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

An Eastern monarch—I forget his name,
Nor does it matter much his time or place—
Held this belief: Some woman is to blame
For every evil which befalls our race.
In fact, he put it thus: No ill betides,
But what you'll find a woman in the case.

Who was she? The first question of this King
Whenever any evil might occur,
As sure as he could be of anything
That at the bottom he should find a "her;"
For he was very sure, indeed, that madam
Had made all trouble since the days of Adam.

It chanced one day that by the palace door
A band of workingmen an injured brother
In silent pity towards the doctor's bore.
"Who was she?" cries the King—"there goes another!"
"Who was she?" quoth a satrap—"twas a fall;
There wasn't any *she* in this at all."

"I'll wager," said the King, "ten pounds in gold—
And back it up with more, if you are willing—
Knowing that when the truth of it is told
My purse will take from yours its golden filling;
I'm sure as I can be, and still be human,
That at the bottom you will find a woman."),

"Done!" said the satrap. Thus the bet was laid,
And straight the monarch sent to all the neighbors
To find what 'twas the accident had made,
And get *his* answer to repay his labors:
"The fellow was a painter; on a wall
Was working, when he chanced to get a fall."

And thus it was, while looking through a shutter,
Watching a woman making up her toilet,
All in a trice his heart began to flutter;
His grasp gave way, for something seemed to spoil it,
And then, to make it harder still, and sadder,
He lost his hold and tumbled off the ladder.

Despite of fate, the satrap surely lost—
The monarch put the money in his pocket,
And, as the courtier o'er the threshold crossed,
Looked out to safely close the door and lock it;
Because, as he remarked with humor grim,
Some woman might recover it from him.

Alas! a thousand years have passed since then—
A thousand years if 'tis a single minute—
And yet, whate'er befalls the best of men,
You're sure to find there was a woman in it.
In fact, so long as all mankind are human,
Some fool will cry: "Who was she? 'Twas a woman."

E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

NEW PLAYS IN ENGLAND.

"IRON HANDS,"

a new drama, in four acts, by Harry Pitt, was first acted at the Grecian Theatre, London, Oct. 12. The play, says *The Era*, opens in a cottage at Barnes, where Allan Crawshaw (Mr. J. H. Clynds), the confidential agent of Sir Edward Wilmington (Mr. H. Grant), makes violent love to Alice Rathbone (Miss Emily Miller), but is repulsed by the young lady, owing to her affection for the Baronet's son Arthur Wilmington (Mr. Charles Frazer). There is, however, a "hidden grief" and a mystery which hangs in a very threatening manner over the fortunes of the young people; and although the father of the young lover, in a manner not customary with baronets, tries his utmost to bring about the union with a girl whose antecedents are somewhat shady, the heroine herself, not lacking honesty of principle, refuses to entertain the proposal, and the result is a "blighted life," tears, and a general obfuscation. Allan Crawshaw, being repulsed, threatens to make "matters lively" for the lady, too, if it soon comes out, is already married. That was the "grief" and the mystery. We are told in the bills of a "snake in the grass"—probably the Steward is referred to; but "all's well that ends well." A telegram arrives to the effect that Ralph Wood (Mr. Geo. Sennett), the husband of the heroine, is in Sydney, having gone but to become the wife of the baronet's son, and accordingly we find ourselves, in the second act, at Rylands Hall, and the young widow has exchanged her weeds for orange-blossoms. But Allan Crawshaw—whose behavior in the house of any baronet in Belgravia would speedily cause him to be kicked out—is allowed at Rylands Hall to be constantly intoxicated, and to insult everybody. The lovers are spending their honeymoon, but a cloud is passing, and Crawshaw begins to show openly that he holds the happiness of the young couple in "iron hands." He has been sent by the baronet to the Cape of Good Hope to ascertain if Ralph Wood was really dead, and, in order to continue his power, tempts an adventurer, who bears a great resemblance to the husband, to come over to England and personate him. Here we find Jean Luie and Arthur Orton, and the various incidents of the Tichborne trial, passing in shadowy procession before the "mind's eye," but we dismiss them to follow the fortunes of the chief characters. Wives should know their husbands, but it seems that Alice does not, for she at once accepts the returned adventurer as the right man, and begins to look upon her future prospects as very black indeed. So they might have been but for the kind attentions of her sister Blanche (Miss M. A. Victor), who, coming just when the heroine is about to take a "cup of cold pizon," seizes the deadly potion, and makes far more effective use of it, as we shall see shortly. Ralph Wood, or the man supposed to be the husband, is invited to take a little light refreshment. The first glass of wine that is poured out by Blanche is tipped off by the stranger with infinite relish, but Blanche has poured the poison into the glass, and soon some realistic effects are the result, which cause the stranger to screw himself about on his chair in a very uncomfortable manner. The wife looks at him in alarm, the sister rushes from the scene. Allan Crawshaw, suspecting something wrong, alarms the household, and one of the most effective situations in "Iron Hands" occurs when Ralph Wood falls dead as the curtain also falls. But possibly the chemist who sold the poison may have noticed that the purchaser "looked a little wild," and wisely reduced the power of the dose, for when the curtain rises on the third act, which is mainly occupied by the trial of the heroine for attempted murder, the returned husband comes upon the scene as fresh as a lark, having a stomach something like the famous crocodile that swallowed the entire contents of a surgeon's traveling dispensary, including poisons enough to kill half a regiment, without any worse result than causing an unusual movement in his interior, which will fall. Unlike the generality of mankind, who object to being poisoned, and not without a show of reason, the adventurer shows no animosity, but is willing to "forget and forgive." The court is arranged for the trial, and a very good presentation is given of a court of justice, judge, jury, counsel, witnesses, etc., all in due form. The counsel for the prosecution examines the reputed husband, but can glean little information, when the counsel for the defense takes up the theme. Wonder of wonders! This counsel is no other than the second husband, Arthur Wilmington, whose legal experience we have not heard of as having shone, but he certainly pleads well on behalf of his wife

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A FRAGMENT.

Only a broken vow!
What then?
The days will come and go;
Filling my soul with a sleepless pain,
Thawing my life as the drizzling rain
Melted the early snow.

Only a ruined hope!
Indeed!
Where tender mem'ries dwell;
Like mourners, come to a house of woe,
With the sweet, sweet "songs of long ago"
Changed for a tolling bell.

Only a hopeless life!
Yet still,
It passeth mortal ken,
How I long for those sweet, tender ways,
And those dear, oh, those beautiful days
That cannot come again.

Only a broken heart!
Ah, me!
A broken heart; what then?
Why, a sleepless pain, a dull despair;
A wreck on the heaving ocean, where
A ship yet might have been.

A HUSBAND AVENGES HIS WIFE'S DISHONOR.

A dispatch received from Calistoga yesterday announced that Harry Larkyns, better known as Major Harry Larkyns, was shot and almost instantly killed by Edward J. Muybridge, a photographer of this city, on Saturday night, about eleven o'clock. The cause of the murder is said to be domestic trouble, and of this there seems to be no doubt. Larkyns was an Englishman, about thirty-five years of age. He came to this city a year and a half ago, in the company of another young Englishman. It appears that they traveled a good deal together, and that Larkyns' friend advanced him money from time to time until they arrived here. Larkyns was unable, on arrival, to pay his traveling companion, and the latter had him arrested on a criminal complaint. The case was tried in the Police Court; it lasted several days, and terminated in his acquittal. He subsequently got employed on *The Post* as reporter, his engagement lasting some time. He was then employed by John Wilson, the circus man. His last employment was to make maps of some mines in Napa and Sonoma Counties, and it was on this business he went to Calistoga. Muybridge is a photographer in the employ of Bradley & Rulofson. His principal business is to take photographs of country scenes, and he was, therefore, most of his time absent from the city. Mrs. Muybridge was at one time clerk in Ackerman's one-dollar store. They have one child. Mrs. Muybridge is now in Portland, Oregon, and Larkyns in eternity. It is said that Muybridge formed the acquaintance of Larkyns, and that he liked him very much. He invited him to his house as a friend, and introduced him to his wife. Larkyns often visited Mr. Muybridge's house, and it appears that for a long time he was always kindly received. But the husband left the city, in pursuance of his employment, and was gone some time. When he returned he learned that Larkyns' conduct to his family during his absence was not such as a friend. He cautioned Larkyns never to visit his house again, or speak to his wife. But it was of no avail. The intimacy between Mrs. Muybridge and Larkyns continued, and was so open that the outraged husband sought his false friend, and, finding him in the office of *The Evening Post*, quarreled with and struck him. This had not the desired effect, either. It appears that Larkyns and Mrs. Muybridge still met clandestinely, and even openly, in spite of the protest and blows of the husband. It is claimed on behalf of Larkyns, that, after her husband struck him in *The Post* office, he tried to avoid Mrs. Muybridge, while other statements are to the effect that he never repulsed her, but spoke freely to friends of their intimacy. Whatever may have been the relations of Larkyns and Mrs. Muybridge, the difficulty seemed to have blown over on the departure of the former for Calistoga and the latter for Portland. It remained for "mutual friend" to stir up the passions of an outraged husband, and drive him to the commission of that most terrible of crimes—murder. This mutual friend is a lady who was employed as nurse by Mrs. Muybridge, and, like the famous Beecher-Tilton case, all the correspondence which passed between Larkyns and Mrs. Muybridge was turned over to her for safe keeping. Some of Larkyns' letters are of the most gushing character—written with a pen dipped in love. And they are numerous as well, showing that the Major must have devoted pretty constantly some thought of her with the most tender feelings and the greatest solicitude. The mutual friend wanted to get money, which she said Muybridge owed her, and for this purpose paid him a visit on the forenoon of Saturday last. She demanded the money, but Muybridge either refused to pay or gave the old lady a gruff answer. Thereupon she pulled a bundle of letters from her pocket, and, handing them to him, said: "Will you pay me now?" If the old lady had not the money, like the famous Scottish witch, she had her revenge. The husband took the letters and read them carefully. His breast heaved with indignation, his wrath was fired, and he, too, determined on revenge. Having learned that Larkyns was in Calistoga, he left in the afternoon for that place. Upon his arrival he went to the hotel where Larkyns was stopping, and, having found him, shot and killed him almost instantly. The affair threw the little village into the greatest excitement, and was yesterday the prominent topic of conversation. Larkyns was known by almost all the villagers, and his tragic and terrible end was on that account more a matter of talk. Muybridge was at once arrested, and is now in the hands of the authorities.—*San Francisco* (Cal.) *Alta Californian*, Oct. 19.

AN ELOPEMENT PREVENTED.

An affair, which has created more interest in our community than anything we remember for several years, was the attempted elopement, at one o'clock on Sunday morning, of the stepdaughter of a well-known Main-street merchant with a young gentleman who does a manufacturing business on Piccadilly street. The young lady is said to be under fourteen years of age, but is well grown, and exceedingly handsome and accomplished for her age. The gentleman, although still quite young, is a widower. The acquaintance commenced during the Catholic Fair, but being distasteful to the lady's parents, a clandestine correspondence was carried on. The letters, however, fell into the hands of the parents, who thus became acquainted with the plans of the parties, and took means to frustrate their intentions. Accordingly, as the bell of the court-house struck one o'clock on Sunday morning, the lady emerged from her residence through a private door, prepared for flight, and was promptly met by her lover and a number of chosen friends, who were prepared to resist any attempt to detain them. No sooner had they reached the street than the friends of the opposite party suddenly appeared in strong force from various hiding places in the neighborhood, where they had been concealed in anticipation of the event. The eloping party was quickly overtaken, a brief conflict occurred, in which several pistol-shots were exchanged, the gentleman and two of his friends were captured by the police and lodged in jail, and the lady was conducted to her home. On Monday morning the street in front of Justice Crebs' office, who, with Alderman Barr, heard the case, was filled with a curious crowd, who were anxious to learn how the affair would terminate. The parties being all well-known and having large family connections, and the fact that the gentleman obtained his first wife in a similar manner only a few years ago, increased the interest felt. Various opinions were expressed, youth and hot blood generally taking the lover's side, while cooler heads deprecated the affair. The police and others concerned in executing the warrant for the arrest of the parties were themselves placed under arrest on Monday, but were subsequently dismissed without trial. The justices determined to bail the parties, and the case will now come before the grand jury, when interesting developments are promised. Eminent counsel have been engaged on both sides.—*Winchester* (Va.) *Times*, Oct. 14.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF CONSPIRACY.—A year or so ago a young couple came to Chicago from Bohemia in the steerage of an emigrant vessel. The city was virtuous, and they went to St. Louis. There they lived and loved for a month or two, when the atmosphere of that bad place overcame them, and the weaker vessel lapsed from virtue. She eloped with a saloon-keeper and tended bar. By-and-bye she made a confession and returned to her husband, who, believing in her purity in heart, forgave the injury which he forebore to name or characterize. But he threatened to expose his faithless friend. With that his wife took thirty dollars from his money-box and returned to her paramour. Then did the injured husband, still holding to the theory that his wife was still pure, commenced suit against the wicked man who had emptied his house, broken up his home, and wrought irreparable injury. He prosecuted him criminally and sued him civilly, and the case is now before the courts. The alleged seducer has maintained a dignified silence for some time, but now affirms that he is the victim of the most gigantic conspiracy of the age; that the design of the conspirator was to blackmail him; that his beer-selling has suffered. The patrons of his bar meet frequently and denounce the husband, while he assures them that the woman thrust her affections on him unsought. The case is now in the Court of Criminal Correction. The village of Carondelet, where the saloon-keeper lives, is a suburb of St. Louis, and the saloon-keeper is spoken of as one of the foremost beer-sellers of the age. His creditors would like to hush the scandal until his stock of beer is sold, maintaining that vulgar exposure will knock the market dead lighter than a kite. It is a wicked world.—*Washington* (D.C.) *Chronicle*.

A BRIDAL TIT FOR TAT.—Out in the town of Harrison, Calumet County, Wisconsin, and about eleven miles from Menasha, a wedding occurred but a few weeks ago, the particulars of which we have just been told. The daughter of a prominent farmer was married in the holy bonds to a "knight of the plow and drill," whose experiences in the affairs of life had been sufficiently varied to post him on the "tricks of trade," and under all circumstances to enable him to "give tit for tat." Prior to the happy event, arrangements were all made for a wedding tour of several days' duration. In due time the ceremony was performed, and at a proper period the bride was conducted to her chamber and stowed away in the nuptial couch. The happy husband soon followed, and, having reached the door of the chamber which contained his bride, rapped gently, but listened in vain for the anticipated welcome. He knocked again, more nervously than before, but still no answer was heard. He gently raised the latch; the door was locked. He called to the little mischief within, but she answered him not, and he was finally compelled to seek other quarters. How he passed the night is not recorded. At an early hour in the morning the carriage which had been engaged for the wedding-tour was driven to the door, and our hero stole gently downstairs, entered the carriage, bade the driver apply the lash, and was soon out of sight. He did not return until after the lapse of ten days, during which time he visited every place contemplated previous to his marriage. On his return he found his wife's bedroom open. Yes, he did.

ALLEGED VIOLATION OF A LITTLE GIRL.—Joseph Walsh was yesterday afternoon arrested on information of a man by the name of Kirsh, a resident of Temperanceville, who charges the prisoner before Squire Koenig with violating the person of his little seven-year-old daughter. Upon being brought to the Central Station last evening, Walsh, who is a Bavarian, and claims that he can speak no English, signified his desire to make a statement, and Detective Moesner, being on hand, went to his cell, when he informed him that he was twenty-six years of age, and that he came to this country about five years ago, but has not remained in it for that length of time, having made several trips to Germany, once in the capacity of a sailor. He came to Pittsburg about three weeks ago, he states, and procured work in Temperanceville. He had not been there long until he became acquainted with Kirsh, who, he states, induced him to go and board with him. When he went to the house he found the family with a rather limited supply of beds, on which account the child above mentioned was placed to sleep in the same bed with him, where the alleged outrage is said to have been committed. He denies all criminality on his part, placing the blame on the girl. He was waiting yesterday afternoon, he said, at the office of the firm for which he worked, for his wages, it being pay day, when two officers came up, and, placing handcuffs upon his wrists, told him to come with them. He states that he did not know what he was arrested for until on the way over, when the officers explained to him. He says he has a wife and child at Landau, Germany.—*Pittsburg* (Pa.) *Leader*, Oct. 25.

ELOPERS CAPTURED.—A dispatch from Jefferson, Wis., dated Oct. 26, says: "Jefferson at last has developed a first-class sensation. The particulars are substantially as follows: William Peck, from Juneau County, Wisconsin, eloped with the wife of Dr. E. D. Ainsworth of Rome, in this county. It appears that about six months ago Peck came to Rome, apparently on a visit, but there is no doubt there was a mutual understanding between the parties, as they have been suspected of criminal intimacy previous to this. They lived as neighbors for some time in Juneau County. Peck is a married man, having six children. Nothing was known of their whereabouts until last week, when, through some friends of Ainsworth, the couple were discovered to be in East Claire, Wis., where they have been living as man and wife. Upon information filed by the District Attorney of this county, the warrants for the arrest of both parties were executed by the proper officers, and the nest-hiders are now in custody.

CHARGE OF BIGAMY.—John Smith, a resident of Conshohocken, has been bound over by Justice Haldam of Norristown, Pa., to answer the charge of bigamy. The case is somewhat peculiar. The prosecutrix is alleged to have been living with the accused for several years as his wife, though not married, and she is said to have come to this country with him, he leaving a wife in England. The charge of bigamy grows out of an alleged marriage while the prosecutrix was on a visit to the Old Country, of which she only had knowledge upon her return. The charge of bigamy can only be sustained by the laws of Pennsylvania upon proof of the marriage in England and in this country, and the first and only wife would seem to be the proper person to institute such a prosecution.

THE TURF.

PROSPECT PARK THIRD FALL MEETING.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, OCT. 27.

The third Fall trotting meeting of the Prospect Park, L. I., Fair Grounds Association commenced on Tuesday, Oct. 27, and continued three days. There were very few people present on the opening day, which is attributable to the high trail, $2, charged for admission. But Associations, as long as they can get plenty of horses to pay the 10 per cent. entrance money to the purses, care little or nothing for the public patronage, as they can make plenty of money from the surplus entrance fees. In the first race of this day, the purse of $500 for horses that had never beaten 3 minutes had 21 horses entered, which, at $50 each (being 10 per cent. of the purse), left the Association a surplus of $650. The second race, for a purse of $800, had 12 entries, at $80 each, leaving a surplus of $160. Nine horses started in the 3 minute purse; the winner taking $500, second horse $150, and third $50. These were Smith's bk. m. Catskill Girl, Woodruff's br. g. Falmouth Boy, Goff's b. g. New Dorp, Straus' s. g. T. J. Stevens, Murphy's r. g. Claxton, Moore's b. m. Effie Deans, Phillips' br. h. Compeer, Nodine's b. g. Hampton, and D. Mace's bk. g. Arthur. The last-named horse was the favorite, selling for $50; Falmouth Boy, $30; Catskill Girl, $30; and the field, $10. Catskill Girl won the first heat with ease in 2:35½, by two lengths from New Dorp, and then became the favorite at $50 against $75 for the field. She won the second heat with equal ease in 2:29½, from Falmouth Boy, and $100 to $20 was then bet on her against the field. The layers of the long odds were right in their judgment, for she won the third heat and the race, in 2:28½; Falmouth Boy, second in both heats, taking second money, and New Dorp third. The second trot was for a purse of $800, for horses that had never beaten 2:33; $450 to the first, $250 to the second, and $100 to the third horse. Ten horses out of the twelve entered came to the post, viz., Wilson's b. m. Carrie, Woodruff's g. g. Royal George, Foley's b. m. Lady Sayers, Phillips' b. m. Adelaide, Phillips' b. m. Ella Madden, Murphy's g. m. Corn F., Goldsmith's b. m. Lady Morrison, Walker's b. m. Lady Annie, Goff's b. m. Lady Woods, and Firnstein's b. g. Black Crook. In the pools Carrie sold for $40, Royal George $39, Adelaide $18, and the field $13. Royal George won the first heat in 2:30½, by two lengths from Carrie, and then became the favorite at $120 against $70, these odds being reduced to even money just before the start, when it was known that Roden had taken Wilson's place behind Carrie. The latter won the second heat by two lengths from Adelaide in 2:30½, the third heat by a length from Royal George in 2:29¼, and the fourth and the race by two lengths from Lady Sayers in 2:29¾. Royal George won second, and Lady Sayers third money.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29.

The first race was for horses that had never beaten 2:39, for a purse of $600; the winner taking $350, second horse $150, third horse $100. Eight horses were entered, giving the Association a surplus of $360 over the purse offered for competition. Of this number six put in an appearance on the course, viz., Whitson's b. m. Pauline, Mead & Pages' b. g. Rarius, G. Walker's bk. m. Maybird, D. Mace's bk. g. Arthur, Thom's br. g. Phil O'Neil, and Casey's r. m. Rosa Sonburg. Rarius was backed at long odds against the field, bringing $60 to Sonburg's $10, and the field $17. The first heat was won by Maybird in 2:27, causing excitement among the knowing ones, for Arthur was second, Pauline third, the favorite fifth, and Rosa Sonburg distanced. Maybird then sold for $75, Rarius for $53, and the field $31. It was currently rumored that the owners of Rarius did not want such a record as 2:27, the time made in the first heat. Singularly enough, the pace fell off considerably on the next three heats; Rarius winning the second and third in 2:30, 2:28¾, and Maybird the fourth in 2:32. Darkness coming on, the race was postponed until next day. The second trot was for horses that had never beaten 2:25, for a purse of $1,000, divided into $550 for the first, $300 to the second, and $150 to the third horse. Seven horses were entered, but the withdrawal of Crown Prince, Joker, Susie, and Tanner Boy reduced the field to Comee's b. m. Comee, Dan Mace's bk. m. Blanche, and Murphy's b. g. Charley Green. In the pools Comee sold for $100, Blanche $65, and Charley Green $26. In the first two heats Comee behaved unsteadily, and Blanche won them in 2:30, 2:27, causing her to be backed at odds against the field. Trotting steadily in the next two heats, Comee won them both in 2:26¾, 2:27¾, when, it being too dark to see the horses, the race was postponed.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, OCT. 29.

The two postponed trots from the day before were the first events decided. In the 2:39 race, only Rarius, Maybird, and Pauline appeared. Phil O'Neil and Pauline having been drawn. Rarius was the favorite, and he won the fifth and deciding heat with ease in 2:30¼, thus securing the first money. Maybird, having won two heats, took second money, and Arthur third. The unfinished 2:35 race was then trotted, in which Blanche and Comee had each scored two heats. Blanche had the call, selling for $210 against $140 for Comee and Charley Green; and the layers of odds were right in their judgment, for Blanche won the heat and race by ten lengths in 2:26¼; Comee and Charley Green taking second and third money respectively. The dotted-line race followed, and was for a purse of $500, with four entries and three starters. These were Schenck's Listener and Adonis, Phillips' Regular and Ella Madden, and Goff's Lady Woods and Carrie N. Phillips' team won the first and second heats in 2:47, 2:41¾; and Schenck's team the next three heats and the race; time, 2:46¾, 2:44½, 2:45. The next race was for the purse of $1,000 for horses that had never beaten 2:30, for which there were eleven entries, which at $100 each netted the Association $100 more than the purse given. Five only came to the post, viz., Simons' b. m. Bella, Mace's br. g. Vanity Fair, Bowen's br. h. Ben Morrell, Roden's s. g. G. B. Daniels, and Murphy's br. m. Lady Dahlman. This was a heavy betting race, and very closely contested. Before the start for the first heat, Daniels sold for $150; Vanity Fair for $85; Bella, $60; and the field, $24. Ben Morrell, in general surprise, won the first heat very easily in 2:30½; G. B. Daniels second, a neck in front of Lady Dahlman. Still Daniels continued the favorite at the odds of $80 to $60 over the field; but another surprise was in store for the speculators, for Ben Morrell, although getting a very bad start, again won by two lengths from Bella in 2:28; the favorite finishing third. The betting now changed, for Ben Morrell was backed against the field at $100 to $80. Roden now took Baker's place behind G. B. Daniels, and the wisdom of the change was seen, for the horse won the third heat by two lengths in 2:24; Bella second and Lady Dahlman third. The fine speed exhibited by Daniels in this heat restored him to favor, and $80 to $40 were current on his winning the race. Bella won the fourth heat easily in 2:24¾; Daniels second, and Vanity Fair third; the mare becoming the favorite at $30 to $20 over the field. The fifth heat was won by Vanity Fair in 2:25; Bella finishing second, and Daniels third. The sixth heat was a dead heat between Vanity Fair and Daniels, in 2:28, and the race was then postponed.

On Friday, Oct. 30, the unfinished trot for 2:30 horses was resumed, the betting being in favor of George B. Daniels, who sold for $115 to Bella's $55, and the field $50. Bella won the seventh heat in 2:23¾, with Daniels second, and she then became the favorite over the field at the rate of $100 to $45 on her. The eighth heat was won by George B. Daniels in 2:26¾, and the score stood even between Vanity Fair, Bella, and Ben Morrell, each having won two heats. The ninth and deciding heat was won by Bella in 2:25¾, Vanity Fair being second, and Daniels third. Vanity Fair took second money, and Ben Morrell third money. The next trot was for horses that had never beaten 2:40, for a purse of $600, for which there were 28 entries, netting the Association the handsome surplus over the purse of $1,080. Eleven out of this number came to the post, viz., Falmouth Boy, Rarius, Maybird, Catskill Girl, Arthur, Pauline, Effie Deane, Compeer, J. Stevens, Lizzie Adams, and Mansuay. Catskill Girl was the favorite before the start, but Maybird won the first and second heats in 2:31¾, 2:30, Rarius being second in both. The latter then became the favorite over the field, and the judgment of his backers was correct, for he won the third, fourth and fifth heats with ease in 2:32¾, 2:32¼, 2:35; Maybird taking second money, and Falmouth Boy the third prize. The last race was for a purse of $2,000 for horses that had never beaten 2:20, for which Huntress, Sensation, and Fleety Goldsmith were entered and started. The last-named mare was the favorite over the field at $100 to $50, and she won the first heat in 2:23½, so easily that $100 to $20 was current on her winning the race. The layers of odds, however, caught it heavily, for Sensation scored the next three heats, and won first money; Huntress taking the third premium. Time of the last three heats, 2:23¼, 2:25½, 2:28¼.

RACING IN ENGLAND.—The Newmarket Haughton Meeting was held last week, commencing on the 26th ult., when the race for the Criterion Stakes was won by Lord Falmouth's b. c. Garterly Belle, by Blair Athol out of Silver Hair; Lady Love second, three lengths behind, and Balfe third. The betting just before the start was 8 to 1 against Garterly Belle, 14 to 1 against Lady Love, and 5 to 2 against Balfe. There were nine starters. On the 27th the chief event of the meeting, the Cambridgeshire Stakes, was decided. It was easily won by M. P. Aumont's c. c. Pent Etre, 3yrs. old, by Ventre St. Gris out of Favorite, 94lb.; G. Lambert's c. c. Chieftain, 3yrs., by Mandrake out of The Thane, 82lb. second; T. V. Morgan's b. c. Lord Gowran, 4yrs., by Lord Clifden, dam by Merry Andrew out of Cordelia, 85lb. third. The Cæsarewitch winner, Aventurière, was fourth. There were forty-two starters. Rhedive, who was the favorite at 5 to 1, was among the last to pass under the wire. Prior to the start the betting was 7 to 1 against Pent Etre, and 66 to 1 against both Gowran and Chieftain.

FLEETWOOD PARK SECOND FALL MEETING.

THIRD DAY—MONDAY, OCT. 26.

The second Fall trotting meeting of the Fleetwood Park Association was brought to a close on Monday, Oct. 26. The first race was the unfinished trot for horses that had never beaten 2:24, for a purse of $1,500, in which race Everett Ray had won two heats, Music and Barney Kelly one heat each, when the postponement took place on the Saturday previous; the other contestants, Comee, Joker and Kitty D. having been distanced or ruled out. Before the horses got the word Everett Ray sold in the pools for $140, Music $70, and Barney Kelly $30. Music took the lead, retained it throughout, and won the heat by six lengths in 2:26½; Everett Ray beating Barney Kelly the same distance. There was now a rush to the pool stand to hedge, and Music was strongly backed at the rate of $100 to $60 on her to win the race. This she did very easily in 2:26; Barney Kelly beating Everett Ray for second place, and taking the $250 for third horse. The next race was for a purse of $500, for horses that had never beaten 2:50, for which five out of the seven horses entered came upon the course. These were Sargeant's b. g. Rutledge; Bownel's r. g. T. E. Gordon; Cash's g. m. Privateer Maid; Paterson's g. g. Alexis; and I. Somerindyke's c. m. Melissa. The winner was entitled to $250; the second horse $150; and the third $50. Not a dollar could be bet against Rutledge winning the race, such a certainty did it appear for him. So it proved, for he won in three straight heats; T. E. Gordon taking second money, and Privateer Maid third; time, 2:33, 2:35, 2:36. The next race was the event of the day, being for horses that had never beaten 2:21, for a purse of $2,000; the winner taking $1,000, second horse $650, and third $350. Of the seven horses entered, five started, viz., Chase's g. g. Hopeful, Conley's c. g. Thomas L. Young, Owner's g. c. Sensation, Simmons' b. g. Kansas Chief, and Harker's br. g. Young Bruno. Hopeful was installed as favorite in the pools, selling for $270. Kansas Chief $135, Young Bruno $75, and the field $100. The first heat was won by Thomas L. Young, by a length from Kansas Chief, in 2:22¾; Bruno just saving his distance. Notwithstanding this result, Hopeful still continued a hot favorite, selling for $200, to Kansas Chief $95, and the field, which included the winner of the heat, $60. Hopeful won the second heat with ease by a length from Kansas Chief in 2:24, the third by a half length from Sensation in 2:21, and the fourth heat and race in 2:22½. Thomas L. Young, having won a heat, took second money, and Sensation the $350 for third horse.

TROTTING AT RHINEBECK, N. Y.—A three days' meeting was held by the Rhinebeck Park Association last week, commencing Oct. 27, and closing on the 29th. The initial event was a trot for $500, for 3:00 horses, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, which had four starters, H. D. Walton winning in three successive heats; time, 2:46, 2:45½, 2:46. The same amount was then contended for by 2:35 horses, same conditions, Messenger Boy winning handily; time, 2:35½, 2:32½, 2:36. Six others started. On the second day Boy won the opening race, for 2:40 horses, Mike Fink being second and Dora third. Time, 2:36, 2:37. Horses of the 2:31 class next trotted for $1,000, Bounce capturing the second heat, and the other three going to Nellie Walton; time, 2:32, 2:32, 2:34, 2:34½. On the closing day 2:50 horses began the sport, by trotting for $800, Boy winning first money, J. P. Smith took the third; beat the second, and H. D. Walton (the winner of the first heat) the third; time, 2:35, 2:34½, 2:34½, 2:34½, 2:37¾. The meeting was concluded with a contest for a special purse of $300, Berkshire Boy winning first money, and Major King (who won the second and fourth heats) being placed second; time, 2:33, 2:33, 2:34, 2:37, 2:41½.

IN A TROT for a purse of $500, best three in five, in harness, at the Harrisburg (Pa.) Driving Park, Oct. 27, J. B. Serrill's w. m. Twilight of Norristown won in three straight heats. Time, 2:32, 2:32¾, 2:31¼. Lizzie Keller took second money. About one thousand persons viewed the race.

BASEBALL.

PAVONIA vs. OLYMPIC.

The Olympic Club of Paterson, N. J., which, through the efforts of Mr. Westervelt, has been reorganized on a permanent basis, played the third of the series of contests with the Pavonia Club of Jersey City on Oct. 28, on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., in order to settle the disputed question as to which had the stronger playing nine. In the first match the Olympics won by a score of 8 to 5 after a well-played game, but in the second match they were badly defeated by a score of 27 to 13, the play being poor on both sides. In this last game the Paterson nine came off victorious, after outplaying their opponents both at the bat and in the field. Though the score was large, it was because being loose play on both sides in the field, there were several fine plays made, both clubs having good material in their teams. The game opened in favor of the Pavonias by 2 to 1, and at the close of the third inning it stood at 10 to 8, with the Jersey City nine in the van. Afterwards the Paterson players improved in their fielding, and disposed of their adversaries in the next four innings for blanks. Besides which, they punished Sinclair's pitching considerably, and at the close of the seventh inning the totals had been changed to 24 to 10 in favor of the Olympics, who now had the game completely in their hands, the final result being their success by 28 to 12, the totals of the three games being 49 to 44 in favor of Paterson.

Of the play on the occasion, on the Olympic side the effective pitching of Nolan was noteworthy, as also was the excellent base-play of St. Laurence. Jas. Mullen and Titus filled their positions acceptably, as did Chandler his behind the bat. Kelt made good catches in the outfield, and Foran led at the bat. On the other side, White did excellent service at second base, and Green at short-field, Slade's excellent catching being a feature. Slaven and Gould also did some good outfielding, White leading at the bat. The score below gives the figures. The Patersons have a good Brooklyn player in their team in the person of Wiggins, a capital one-hole fielder and strong at the bat.

PAVONIA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Slaven, 1 f.	3	1	3	0	
Braden, 1st b	2	2	9	0	
Sinclair, c f	1	0	1	0	
White, 2d b	2	3	4	4	
Gould, c	0	1	3	0	
Warden, 3d b	2	1	1	3	
"Green," s s	1	1	1	5	
Sheeren, p	1	2	0	0	
Slade, c	0	1	7	5	
Totals	12	13	27	13	

OLYMPIC.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Titus, 3d b	4	1	4	2	
St. Laurence, 1st b	3	1	8	0	
Kilt, c f	5	4	1	0	
Foran, 1 f	2	4	0	0	
Jas. Muller, s s	2	0	0	7	
Chandler, c	3	2	2	3	
John Muller, 2d b	2	1	1	2	
Wiggins, r f	3	4	0	0	
Totals	28	21	27	19	

	Pavonia.	Olympic.
First base by errors	9	9
Olympic	2	5
Earned runs	0	4
Two-base hits	0	1
Three-base hits	0	0
Home runs	0	0
Bases on balls	0	2
Struck out	3	4
Passed balls	8	4
Wild pitches	1	0
Umpire	Mr. Carey of the Mutual Club.	
Time	2h.	

ATLANTIC vs. PHILADELPHIA.

These clubs played their ninth championship game together on Oct. 29, on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., the game having been postponed for ball playing, it had been for a week previously. Indeed, October has been marked by regular Indian-summer weather since the first week of the month, and hence the professional clubs have been enabled to get off nearly all their games. On this occasion the absence of Cummings in the pitcher's position enabled the Atlantics to achieve a comparatively easy victory, they starting off with the winning lead of 4 to 1, and the close of the sixth inning seeing them in the van by the totals of 7 to 2. In the last three innings the Pearls rallied to the tune of 8 to 2; but the final result was the success of the Atlantics by 10 to 5, this victory leaving their total score of legal victories equal to that of the Chicago nine. The play of Pearce and Ferguson in their positions, and of McGee at centre-field, was noteworthy for fine fielding in a majority of the innings, Fleet also playing well behind the bat. Pearce leading at the bat, the other side Craver bore off the palm in the infield and York in the outer field, Holdsworth leading at the bat.

PHILADELPHIA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Eggler, c f	0	0	0	0	
Holdsworth, s s	1	1	7	0	
Hicks, c	1	1	7	0	
Craver, 2d b	0	2	5	5	
Bechtel, p	0	0	0	2	
York, 1 f	0	0	3	0	
Mack, 1st b	2	1	12	0	
Palmer, 3d b	2	0	0	0	
Donnelly, s s	0	1	0	1	
Totals	5	10	27	13	

ATLANTIC.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Chapman, 1 f	2	1	0	0	
Ferguson, 3d b	1	2	2	2	
Pearce, s s	2	2	3	7	
Bond, p	2	1	0	0	
Fleet, c	0	1	7	1	
Sweasy, 2d b	0	0	1	3	
Dehlman, 1st b	0	1	10	1	
McGee, c f	1	1	1	0	
Clack, r f	1	1	1	0	
Totals	9	10	27	13	

	Philadelphia.	Atlantic.
First base by errors	3	1
Atlantic	4	0
Earned runs	0	1
Two-base hits	0	0
Three-base hits	0	0
Home runs	0	0
Bases on balls	0	2
Struck out	1	0
Passed balls	2	1
Wild pitches	1	0
Umpire	Mr. Burdock of the Mutual Club.	
Time	1h. 45m.	

FLYAWAY vs. STATEN ISLAND.

The third and decisive game of the series between these clubs was played on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., considerable interest being attached to the contest, each having previously won a game by close scores. This time the Flyaways showed up in such poor form in the field that their opponents had a comparatively easy task in securing an advantageous lead in the early part of the game, and they finally came in victors by the totals of 13 to 7, thereby winning the series. On the Island side, excellent play was shown by Woods, Jackson and Dollard in their positions, Curtin leading at the bat, while Antoine and Treacy did the best on the other side, the latter doing the best batting. The play, however, was on neither side up to the standard of the two clubs, the pitching especially being very wide and inaccurate.

FLYAWAYS.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Loughlin, 2d b	1	2	5	2	1
Shandley, c f	0	0	0	2	
Geer, s s	0	0	4	5	5
Treacy, 1 f	0	2	0	5	2
Jolly, r f	2	1	2	0	
Antoine, 1st b	2	3	10	1	1
Maione, 3d b	1	2	3	0	4
Buchanan, c	0	1	6	1	1
Purcy, p	1	1	0	0	3
Totals	7	12	27	13	19

STATEN ISLAND.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Jackson, 3d b	3	1	1	2	1
Rogers, c f	2	2	3	0	1
Vanderbilt, s s	1	1	0	2	2
Dollard, 2d b	3	2	1	3	0
Woods, 1 f	1	2	2	0	0
Curtin, r f	0	3	1	0	0
Sandford, p	1	0	0	2	2
Totals	13	12	27	12	8

	Flyaways.	Staten Island.
First base by errors	3	0
Staten Island	3	0
Earned runs	0	1
Two-base hits	0	0
Three-base hits	0	0
Home runs	0	0
Bases on balls	1	2
Struck out	3	1
Passed balls	1	0
Wild pitches	1	0
Umpire	Mr. Ferguson of the Atlantics.	
Time	2h.	

BOSTON vs. PHILADELPHIA.

The series between these clubs was finished on the grounds of the Reds at Boston, Mass., on Tuesday, Oct. 27. There were but few spectators, and the playing was far from brilliant upon the other side, darkness putting an end to the game at the conclusion of the seventh inning, when the score stood:

BOSTON.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wright, s s	2	3	1	3	2
Barnes, 2d b	1	3	5	3	4
Spalding, p	1	0	1	4	3
White, c	1	2	5	1	3
McVey, c f	1	1	2	0	0
Leonard, 1 f	1	1	2	0	0
O'Rourke, 1st b	2	0	6	0	0
Beals, r f	2	1	1	0	1
Schafer, 3d b	1	1	1	0	3
Totals	11	13	21	11	14

PHILADELPHIA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Eggler, 2d b	2	0	3	0	1
Holdsworth, s s	2	2	0	4	3
Hicks, c f	0	0	2	0	1
Craver, c	0	1	2	4	7
Bechtel, p	0	2	0	1	3
York, 1 f	1	1	0	0	0
Mack, 1 b	1	0	9	1	0
Fulmer, 3d b	0	1	3	2	1
Donnelly, r f	0	1	1	0	0
Totals	6	8	21	12	17

	Boston.	Philadelphia.
First base by errors	1	0
Philadelphia	0	2
Earned runs	0	0
Two-base hits	2	0
Three-base hits	0	0
Home runs	0	0
Bases on balls	2	1
Struck out	2	1
Passed balls	2	1
Wild pitches	0	0
Umpire	Fred Cone of Boston.	
Time	1h. 50m.	

HARTFORD vs. PHILADELPHIA.

The closing professional match of the present season in Hartford, Ct., was contested by the above-named clubs on Oct. 28, the Pearls, who were minus the services of their regular pitcher, Cummings, being beaten by the score herewith presented:

HARTFORD.	R.	I.B.	A.	E.
Hastings, c	1	1	0	0
Fisher, p	0	3	0	0
Mills, 1st b	0	0	0	3
Pike, s s	2	2	5	3
Brady, 3d b

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Nov. 2.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Sallie or Jule Keen
Avery, Carrie (2)
Bliss, Louisa
Breyer, Mary
Brennan, Mrs. R. A. 3c.
Beauchamp, Mrs. Emma
Bloss, Mrs. Laura B.
Burdeau, Mrs. H.
Burke, Nellie M. 3c.
Boyd, Nellie 2) 3c.
Biande, Edith (2)
Barnard, Mrs. Ann
Butler, Clara
Bushnell, Mrs. Susie
Beauchamp, Mrs. Emma 6c.
Claire, Maggie (of Claire Sisters)
Coleridge, Blanche 3c.
Corbyn, Minnie Loder
Crabtree, Lotta
Crome, Emily 3c.
Cony, Flora
Coventry, Julia 8.
Constantine, Evaline
Coombs, Jane
Childs, Annie
Coleridge, Blanche
Clifton, Fanule M.
Case, Mrs. W.
Campbell, Ida
Courtright, Mrs. T. A.
Chapman, Ella
Cushman, Charlotte 2c.
Devere, Mrs. L. (2)
Dearden, Fannie
De Burton, Mrs. Clarence
Darenport, Maude (circus "biz")
De Glorian, Lolo
Du Mars, Jennie
D'Atalle, Mad.
Eldridge, Lillie
"Evelyn"
Fontainbleau, Mrs. B.
Fontainbleau, Mlle. (3)
Freith, Mrs. Nila
Fisk Combination
Freeman, Ada
Graham, Mrs. Nelson
Granville, Gertie
Greyson, Jennie G.
Herbert, Carrie
Henri, Flora 6c.
Harvey, Mrs. M. A.
Harrison, Laura (soubrette)
Harrison Sisters
Irons, Mlle.
Ingalls, Jennie
Kent, Fannie
Laureut, Ada
Leclercq, Carlotta
Lee (aerial gymnast)
Laurent, Ada
Lindley, Jennie
La Verde, Lillie
Lehman, Mrs. A.
Monzert Sisters
Murray, Jennie
Myers, Flora
McAllister, Phosa (2)
May, Agnes
Mitchell, Flora

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Ajax, Mons. (with Blitz)
Anderson, Frank (minstrel)
Aymar, Wm. T.
Adsetts, W. H.
Atkins, Will
Adams, Edwin (traged.)
Allerup, O. S.
Anderson, George (Dutch "bit")
Atkins, N. A.
Atwood, Capt. J.B. (3)
Adams, Mr. (Dutch "biz")
Austin, Chas. (with Leavitt)
Almonte, Jas. (acrobat)
Batchelder, Wm. H
Benoit, H.
Bernard, Leonard W.
Bruce, Thos. (musician)
Barlow, Milt. G.
Boutor, C. H.
Brookpool, Harry
Brady, Abner, S.
Baylis, S. (with Marionettes) Hc.
Bouckault, Dion 10c.
Brown, E. B.
Brown, J. E.
Blakeney, J. H.
Barnabee, H. C.
Booker, Frank
Blanchard, Harry
Baker, P. T.
Brown, Edwin (of Mr. and Mrs. Bryant, Billy (song and dance)
Bruno, Sig.
Baeye, C.
Barry, Jr., Frank (2)
Brainard, Asa
Baker, Mons. (of Campb. Minst.)
Barr, S. S.
Baker, H.
Callender, Chas. (2)
Cameron & Co.
Chappelle W. J. (2)
Cox, Alex.
Crispini, U.
Cavanagh, W. B.
Carle, J.
Carroll, R. M.
Clifford, Harry
Cullen, Alexander
Colville, Sami. (2)
Carter, Barry
Clark, Jas. (Irish comd.)
Castello, Dan
Clapham, H. J.
Daisy, Fred
Collins, Jas., and Martha Wren
Coleridge, Blanche
Clifton, Fanule M.
Coup, W. C.
Carlton, Frank
Carner, J.
Cummings, J. H.
Courtney, Mr. (of South Am. Cir.)
Coy, A. A.
Clarke, "Kit"
Cattle, Lew (song and dance)
Cassim, Jas. (2)
Cavaia, Harry
Carvalla Bros.
Crocker, Jozil
Cobb, Willis
Clark, Prof. Jas. G.
Chormann, Chas.
Carle, Jas.
D'Anglie, Jno.
Dumont, Frank
Dexter, J. S.
Dibolo (fire demon)
Drew, Jno. E.
Devere, Benj.
Deeton, Geo. B.
Davis, Alex. (ventriloquist)
Dodge, Eben (with Sanford)
Dawson, H. A.
Durris, Dan (Irish comed.)
Downey, F.
Dobson, F. B.
Dupree & Benedict
Davies, E. D.
Delano, "Jepp"
Duffy, Jack
Davenport, E. L.
Dunbar, E. C. (2)
De Glorian Bros.
Eckert, Prof. of Zoo. (2)
Elwood, Robt.
"E. C."
Egan, W.
Ehle der, Geo. W.
Freeman, J. M.
Freeman, J. H.
Forbes, Chas (manager)
Fidello, Victor
Fielding, Harry
Ferguson, R. V.
Florence, W. J.
Footelle, Chas.
Fowler, E. Rice (2)
Franklin, J. C.
Fielding, Harry
Fritzy, E.
Ferris, W. H.
Fox, Geo. L.
Fair, Geo. A.
Greisinger, Fred A.
Greenwood, Harry
Gorman, Wm. (of Gorman Bros.)
Gould, W. H.
Gessley, Prof. S.
O'Brien, Jno. (of Mirror of Ire.) 6c.
O'Lynn, Bryan
O'Donohue, The 6c.
Pruilen, E.
Pickett, Leroy N.
Pollard, Capt. J. E.
Perry, Capt. O. P.
Pritchard, Robt.
Purcell, A. W.
Pontine, H. C.
Price, Wally
Pate & Steele
Potter, Jerome
Pixley, Byron
Pendleton, Geo. A.
Pfaff, H. C.
Palmer, Chas.
Queen, Montgomery
Quilter & Goldrich
Robbins, Burr
Rainford, Jas.
Rosario, Geo. (gymnast)
Ravell, Chas. 6c.
Rubini, F.
Rankin, McKee
Roberts, Nick
Rentfrow, Lorraine (agent)
Rosaro, Sig. (gymnast)
Robinson, Sam "Yankee"
Rose, B. V.
Reeder, Jas.
Rowland, James (gymnast)
Rice, Col. J. H.
Ryan, Sam E. (2)
Richardson, Sage
Raymond, Johnny
Raber, John C.
Rowen, Charlie (of Howe's Cir.)
Rochance, Mark
Reynolds, Jas. (of Rey, & Rainer
Reeve, Wybert
Simmons, E.
Sullivan, J. J.
Scheffer & Nelson
Sinson, J. R.
Sydney, Vernon 3c.
Simmons, Silas (of Howe's Cir.)
Sanford, Jno. L. (2)
Strong, J. B.
Sands, Dick 10c.
Stanley, Ernest
Steere, L. M. W.
Seigle, Fred
Sirakosch, Max
Spencer, Chas.
Sherrington, Wm.
Shattuck, C. F.
Snow, S. R. (ecologist)
Smith, "Doc" W. H.
Sykes, W. (with Olive Logan)
Sewell, S. (of Rob inson's Cir.)
Little, Rich. (minstrel "biz")
Lanshe, J. S (2)
Leland, Matt (2)
Layton, Frank
Lang, Jas.
Lavake, Will K. (2)
Lannier, W. H.
Lent, Sami.
Lindley, Harry (manager)
Lee, Gus
Levake, Fred (musician)
Lowrie, Charlie
Lawley, J.
Leopold, Ed. (gymnast)
Morris, Dan
Mooney, Edward
Mack, Billy
Manchester, Bobby
McMillan, Jas.
Mallie, Chas. M.
McBride, H. R.
McWade, Robt.
Maryon, Dr. Theophilus
Mack, Jas. 32c.
Multon, E. W.
Morrisses, Jno.
Morrissey, Jas. (Irish comed.)
Middleton, G. W.
McGraw, Chas. Hale
Major, Marcus R.
Magee, John
Mortimer, Ed. L.
McFarland, W. H.
Morris & Hume
Moore, Little Eddie
Murray, Ed
Morris, Dan (variety)
Mortimer, J.
Martin, T. W. (agent)
McCullough, John
Margenstein, Wm
Montagne, Alex.
Murray, Harry
Marren, Andy
McGinnis, Chas.
Mack, Jimmy
Manley, Reed. R (2)
Moroscon, Family
Metin, Rodolph
McIntyre, Jas. (of Sig. East. Cir.
Mack, Billy John
Nugent, J. E.
Omohundro, J.
O'Texas Jack" (change artist) 3c.
Oliver, J. Lisgard (with Howe's Cir.)
Ogden, Geo.
O'Brien, Jno. C.
Outhouse, Jas. (of Sig. East. Cir.)
Wood, Mrs. Jos.
Wilson, Mrs. R. A.
Ziegler, Mlle. (ceiling "biz")

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS for professionals are at the post office, Detroit, Mich.: Chas. Hastins, Ned Harley, Linn Harris, Geo. C. Kimberk, Albert Nix, D. O'Connor, Wm. Hocking, Agnes Pierce, T. P. Smith, Miss Lulie Venettie.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Nov. 2, '74.

Drums a-beating, fifes a-tooting, flags a-flying, and candidates a-skipping about like a hop-frog in Springtime, give indication clear that we are on the verge of an important election, and that the nation shall be saved at all hazards. We have attended all the rallies and mass meetings held during the week; we have shown no partiality for either candidate; we have encouraged all alike, and have shrieked ourself hoarse in behalf of the coming man. For Tilden, the off spring of the sachems and big and little Indians of St. Tammany, we have given a Tilden whoop; in behalf of Dix, we have grown weary in singing "Dix's Land," and have fallen by the wayside in our sincere and earnest desire to see a man pulling down the American flag, so that we might shoot him on the spot by request. These gentlemen are opposing each other in a friendly rivalry for the gubernatorial chair. They have given us, for comfort, in like manner, to the various candidates for Mayor of this great and once-growing city. This is to be a triangular fight, conducted on purely constitutional principles, with virtue as its own reward. We have no choice in the matter; we respect all alike, and shall vote for all alike, as a truly unbiased and independent custom. We cast our ballot for Mr. Ottendorfer because he is one of us, the editor and proprietor of an influential newspaper, and a man of "Liberal" principles. We vote for Mr. Wickham because Tammany expects every man to do his duty, and this is a duty which every man owes him in his country. In like manner we shall support Mr. Wales, because he is the walest of all Wales—yea, the very prince of Wales; and because, like the whales that spouted in Jonah's time, he takes in all corruption and dishonesty, and disgorges on the other side of Jordan—that's why we shall also vote for Wales; aside from political considerations, however, we favor him in the main, because, to speak plainly, we are, as the old darky said, "h—l for fish!" By voting for all three candidates, it will be seen that we have malice for none, but that we love and revere the memory of all alike.....Election week is not favored of show-people; many a dollar that should, by right, be deposited in the theatrical treasury box is allured from its purpose by the tender advice and soothing influence of some "Cicero of the Ring," and diverted into some less beneficial and virtuous channel. But, *nous verrons*, and similar unintelligible expressions. We shall see.....And yet we are not happy! Why? Charlie Cushman, the head and front of our defending—the pillar, yea, the very bolster of our tragic art—is treading the boards of our stage for the last times, and will soon drift out upon the unfathomable sea that leads to "that bourne whence there is no return" and of which you, dear reader, have no doubt often heard. We are sad this day, and there is a heavy with regretful feelings, for we are about to lose, forever and aye, our great exponent of the tragic muse. An honor to the stage, respected alike by the bar, the pulpit, and the profession, beloved by all classes of society, Charlotte Cushman takes her leave of us on Saturday night, Nov. 7, when at Booth's Theatre, she will appear before us for the last time, and receive an ovation at the hands of as intellectual an audience as ever convened in this Thespian temple, after which she will be drawn to her residence by six white horses, and there quartered. In the language of a poet who long ago banded in his checks, let us say

TO CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN:

"Farewell! We did not know thy worth—
Its thou art gone, and now 'tis prized;
So angels walked, unknown, on earth,
But when they flew were recognized."

.....Here is a funny thing, and as true as it is funny, for the man who narrated it can, when he has a mind to, tell the truth with as much fluency as if he were indulging in a base lie. [Excuse this vehemence of language.—ED.] This thing occurred some years ago at a theatre in Cincinnati, when the Ravels were doing "The Green Monster"—only this was a monster of another color, and, though pig-my in itself, created much mirth and a huge modicum of fun. During one of the most interesting scenes, without aid of call-boy or prompter a grave, long-nosed, obese, inquisitive-looking pig came upon the stage and confronted the White Knight (Gabriel Ravel), with a stare of inquiry as if to say, "Well, old fel, what are you up to?" If the pig was nonplussed, the man was *dumb*-founded; while pit, boxes and gallery rose and roared with laughter. Piggy deeply regarded Gabe, while Gabe glared at the interloper in a way to freeze his young blood with horror, and make his hair stand up like quills upon the frightful pork-you-pine. Like some of the members of the intellectual department of the New York daily press, this pig and his companion interviewed each other. There was no getting away from each other, as in the case with pig-headed interviewers. Gabriel cursed the pig, and the pig grunted maledictions on the head of the obstinate White Knight, who was whiter that night than ever before. And thus they stood, while the people in front—who are at home when a pig is about—were in a fine frenzy roiling, or otherwise manifesting the deep interest they felt in this debut of their representative pig. Then a squad of veterans of the supernumerary department were filed in, with orders to remove the interloper even though they should perish in the attempt; so they went the whole hog, and hurled the obnoxious grunter through the nearest window in flat, amidst the bitter execrations of the friends of the pig. It was also ere Gabe recovered and gave utterance to this beautiful sentiment—"*No more pig for me!*" Despite this ocular demonstration, despite this real appearance of a real pig on a real, legitimate stage, there are still people wicked enough to say that Shakespeare had nothing to do with Bacon.....And, talking about William, "they say" that all this fuss was stirred up by our modern Shakespeare, Boucicault, to justify himself for sandwiching a scene from a modern play into the old bard's "Venice Preserved," and otherwise "improving" it. And that gives a point to the annexed squib, and helps to adorn a tail of a dog, videlicit:

STORY, WITH A MORAL.

A leetle dog sat under a tree,
Scratchin' away the fleas;
Behind him was a great big hive
All full of bumbly-bees.
The bees they hummed, the fleas they nipped,
The dog scratcht merrily,
And rapidly the hours passed
All under that shady tree.
The dog was scratchin' merrily,
When, turning up his eyes,
Above him, high in air, a huge
Big bumbly-bee he spies.
The bee descended with a "zip!"
And buried deep his fang,
And soon that grove with yelps and howls
And sounds discordant rang.
Uprose he then, that maddened dog,
And "went" for Mister Bee,
And to the threshold of h's hive
With many a bound bounc'd he;
Upsot the hive and its contents,
Out rusht the swarm of bees,
And soon that dog had heftier work
Than scratchin' off of fleas!

MORE-AL.

Now, when some covert enemy
Attacks you from the rear,
Be thankful if any work
Of him you may get clear:
And never don't by no means
Pursue him to his lair,
Or worser than that worried dog
It may be yours to fare!

.....Suppose, for instance, that, in a show-piece employing two or three thousand men, a difficulty should arise between the manager and his people regarding the authorship of Shakespeare, the superiority of mind over matter, the eligibility of Gov. Dix to a third term, the restoration of the lunch route with all its public benefits, the merits of fresh porgies as a brain elevator, or some similar question of great utility; and suppose that, in the course of such controversy, the two or three thousand supers should feel greatly offended if not insulted by the remarks of their unprincipled manager, and should thereupon strike for higher wages in a season of unexampled depression, when honest men are clamoring for work and bread with which to stave off the pangs of hunger, when the ballot box has to be guarded by the sword, and plough-shares are turned into bayonets for the protection of our elective franchise, of which any man may well feel proud; and that these vengeful supes, unable longer to bear the managerial taunts, and unable to compel obedience to their will, to force the selfish tyrant to raise their wages, should, in an unguarded moment, leave the theatre in a body, at 7½ P. M., thus obliging the insane manager to defer the spectacle, and in its stead put on E. L. Davenport in "Blackeyed Susan"—would it be proper to call that an *off-hand* performance?

.....Our minstrel friends opened prime this season, and are culling considerable profit from the entertainments presented. That William Birch, David Wambold and Charles Backus, Esq., should "put on frills" since their appearance among the Fifth-avenue aristocrats and Murray-hill royalists, is scarcely a matter of surprise—for when one is in Turkey, the old proverb tells us we must do as the Turkeys do, and when in Michigan we must do as the Michiganders do, and so on through all the wide range of our geographical escutcheon, so to speak. It is even asserted that our friends do not use common cork any more, but that they cork up with golden seal, etc. Bryant's party, it is alleged, put on flounces and furbelows, and that they air they breathe and sing is fragrant with Frangipanni and new-mown hay. They scorn the modest lunch, and dine at the Windsor and the Fifth-avenue. And why not? As the dramatic planet mounts higher and higher, so also excelsiorises its satellite, the dusky star of minstrelsy. All honor to the lessee of the progress they have made, and may their hearts be as glad and gay in real life as they appear to be upon the mimic stage.....Sacred business is growing in favor. On the east side a pious manager gives sacred concerts on Sabbath evenings, the religious element finding support, and encouragement, and utterance in "The Sin Degree of Crime," "The Murder at the Roadside Inn," and pieces of a similar spiritual tendency; and those dear people who cannot get into church, on account of the in-lness thereof, assist in the pious entertainment at the theatre. On the west side our friends are equally zealous in the cause of religion and morality, and at

"THE HUNCHBACK" was produced at the Union square Theatre on Oct. 26, and was acted with the following cast:

Julia.....	Miss Clara Morris
Helen.....	Miss Kate Claxton
Master Walter,	Frederic Robinson
Sir Thomas Clifford,	Charles R. Thorne, Jr.
Modus.....	Stuart Robson
Lord Tinsel.....	Owen Marlowe
Fathom.....	J. E. Irving
Master Wilford.....	H. Dalton
Master Heartwell,	T. E. Morris
Gaylove.....	J. Mathews
Thomas.....	C. M. Collins
Stephen.....	W. H. Wilder
Holdwell.....	K. Sinclair
Servant.....	W. S. Quigley

In order that there might be as few changes of scenery as possible while the curtain was up, a new division of the dialogue into acts was made, and the play was presented in six acts, instead of five as originally written. Considerable new scenery had been painted for it, and the appointments were in excellent taste. Miss Clara Morris, who acted Julia for the first time, gave a very creditable impersonation. Although lacking in dignity during the early portions of the play, in the pathetic scenes she frequently aroused the enthusiasm of her auditors. Future performances will enable her to correct many trifling defects which are now apparent. Miss Kate Claxton, who made her first appearance this season, surprised the audience by her performance of Helen. We would not infer that it was a great or even a finished performance, but, considering the lady's brief professional experience, there was much in it to commend, and it gives promise of future excellence. She was somewhat deficient in vivacity, and Helen's merry, ringing laugh was not heard sufficiently often. In the love scenes with Modus she was seen at her best. The toilets worn by both of these ladies, and which were frequently changed, were rich and elegant. Frederic Robinson gave an excellent performance of Master Walter, reading his lines intelligently, and acting quietly and naturally. Once or twice, however, during the evening the inclination to "spout" after the manner of the old tie-wig school overcame his intentions of being natural. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., who made his first appearance in this city since his return from Europe, received a most enthusiastic welcome as he stepped upon the stage, and it was some time ere he was allowed to speak. Clad in a new costume of the richest description, and wearing a blonde wig and beard, he appeared the beau-ideal of the lover, Sir Thomas Clifford. He correctly portrayed the manners of the period, and was fervid and passionate in his love scenes. He delivered the dialogue in a natural and colloquial manner, and the entire impersonation was free from affectation or exaggeration. Stuart Robson's appearance was the signal for another enthusiastic outburst of applause to welcome him from foreign shores. He gave a capital performance, and kept the audience in a "zip!" and buried deep his fang, and soon that grove with yelps and howls and sounds discordant rang. Uprose he then, that maddened dog, And "went" for Mister Bee, And to the threshold of h's hive With many a bound bounc'd he; Upsot the hive and its contents, Out rusht the swarm of bees, And soon that dog had heftier work Than scratchin' off of fleas! MORE-AL. Now, when some covert enemy Attacks you from the rear, Be thankful if any work Of him you may get clear: And never don't by no means Pursue him to his lair, Or worser than that worried dog It may be yours to fare! .....Suppose, for instance, that, in a show-piece employing two or three thousand men, a difficulty should arise between the manager and his people regarding the authorship of Shakespeare, the superiority of mind over matter, the eligibility of Gov. 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MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S farewell performances at Booth's Theatre are proving to be a series of dramatic triumphs. So great is the desire to witness her final appearances upon the local stage that not only every seat in the auditorium is nightly occupied; but all the available standing-room is eagerly sought after, and at the time of raising the curtain many are compelled to leave the vestibule unable to obtain even admission. At the matinee on Oct. 31 the attendance was so large that a great many ladies, failing to find better accommodation, occupied seats in the gallery. "Macbeth" gave place on Saturday evening to "Guy Mannering," which was acted with the following cast:

Meg Merrilies.....	Charlotte Cushman
Col. Mannering.....	Charles Rockwell
Dominie Sampson.....	Edwin Sheppard
Dandie Dinmont.....	Charles Wheatleigh
Henry Bertram.....	Frederick B. Warde
Dirck Hatteraick.....	Charles Leclercq
Baillie Mucklethrift.....	John Weaver
Gilbert Glossin.....	E. K. Collier
Gabriel.....	D. E. Ralton
Sebastian.....	J. W. Brutone
Frazer.....	Frank Little
Jock Jabos.....	Stuart Bolton
First Farmer.....	John C. Hogan
Sergeant.....	E. C. Torrens
Julia Mannering (her first appearance).....	Miss Kitty Blanchard
Lucy Bertram.....	Miss Louise Henderson
Flora.....	Annie Kemp Bowler
Mrs. McCandish.....	Miss Mary Wells
Rebecca, a Gipsy.....	Miss Julia Davidson

The wierd gipsy Meg Merrilies may be considered one of Miss Cushman's greatest artistic impersonations. From the slight sketch of the half-crazed woman given in the novel, she has created a character, the memory of which will live in the minds of those who have witnessed her thoroughly artistic delineation thereof, long after its impersonator shall have passed away. Prominent among the traits of the character which Miss Cushman has developed is her almost motherly affection for Henry Bertram, whom she had nursed in his childhood, and which pervades the entire play. Who can ever forget the electric thrill that runs through the audience upon her first entrance on the stage, when she suddenly appears, almost by magic power, leaning upon her staff, with her long, bony fingers pointing to the last speaker, and ejaculating in hoarse voice: "Better than you know yourself;" or the intense earnestness with which she delivers the prophecy of Henry Bertram being restored to his rights? The play itself, by no means a good one, affords but little scope for the others in the cast to display their best abilities. Charles Wheatleigh, barring that his dialect was none of the best, was effective. Mr. Warde made a manly Henry Bertram. Edwin Sheppard made a good Dominie Sampson. Miss Kitty Blanchard, who made her first appearance at this theatre, was seen to advantage as Julia Mannering. The other persons in the cast did their best to please. The music was well sung, and the choruses were effectively rendered by a large company of professional singers.

On Thursday, Nov. 5, an extra matinee of "Guy Mannering" is to be given, and on Saturday evening Miss Cushman will take her farewell of the metropolitan stage, acting in "Macbeth" which will be presented with the same cast with which it was recently acted there. After the termination of the tragedy a sufficient length will be allowed Miss Cushman to make a change of costume, and then she will be the recipient of a complimentary testimonial on the stage from the Arcadian Club, which will include the reading of an original poem, written for the occasion by R. H. Stoddard, the presentation of a laurel crown, etc., etc. It is also anticipated that Miss Cushman will reply in person. At the conclusion of these ceremonies she will be escorted to a carriage drawn by a number of white horses, and, preceded by members of the Arcadian Club and Downing's entire Ninth Regiment Band, be driven to her residence, where a grand display of fire-balls and fire-works will be given. This will not be Miss Cushman's last appearance in public, as she shortly fulfils engagements in Philadelphia and San Francisco, Cal.

PROF. MORRY, wizard and ventriloquist, arrived from South America during the past week. He intends sailing for Barranquilla, W. I., about Dec. 10, and from there starts on a two years' tour.

T. D. FENNER, stage-manager and interlocutor of Sam Hague's Original Georgia Minstrels, now performing at St. James' Hall, Liverpool, Eng., sails to-morrow (Nov. 7) with that company in the steamship Wyoming, on Nov. 3.

NEW YORK LODGE NO. 1 OF THE B. P. O. OF ELKS, at their meeting on Sunday evening, November 2, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Frank Girard, E. R. and R. H. P.; Charles Vivian, E. L. D. R.; Joseph Goldie, E. L. K.; Cool White, G. L.; Joseph F. Waring, treasurer; Robert S. Martin, secretary; L. E. Georgi, first A. P.; William Devine, second A. P.; E. C. Chamberlin, third A. P.; Charles Darrow, tyler; Antonio Pastor, Louis Fromme and George J. Green, board of trustees. George Clarke, P. E. R., and Nathaniel John Wild, John M. Scribner and R. S. Martin, delegates to the Grand Lodge; T. Allston Brown, chaplain; and George B. Dalton, inner guard.

DRAMATIC.
Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a LIGHT GREEN COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the name of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office, and DATED 1874, affixed thereupon, each card running for six months. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other upon our behalf. Managers will save themselves the annoyance of publishing an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable, and is forfeited by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will confer a favor if they will retain it and mail it to this office.

Persons applying for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider SILENCE A NEGATIVE

BALTIMORE, MD., correspondence, dated Oct. 31: "The performances of John McCullough at Ford's Grand Opera-house in this, his second and last week, have been of a high order of merit, on Monday Oct. 26, 'The Gladiator' was produced, with Mr. McCullough as Spartacus, in which role he won general admiration. The piece was finely cast and mounted, one great feature being the arena scene within the Colosseum, from the designs of Gerome. The support given Mr. McCullough was most acceptable and, taking the company as a whole, it is a quantity of its superior has ever before been seen in Baltimore. Mr. Levick added new laurels to those already won, and Miss Conway's presentation of the leading lady's roles was marked with grace and spirit. Miss May Roberts also comes in for a fair share of praise for the fine manner in which she rendered her different parts. The remainder of the casts were in excellent hands, and the setting, mounting and dressing of the plays were elegant, appropriate and tasteful. On Wednesday the bill was changed to 'Richelieu.' On Thursday Mr. McCullough played Romeo, ably assisted by Miss Conway as Juliet, and Mr. Levick as Mercutio. On Friday, 'King Lear;' Saturday matinee, 'Romeo and Juliet,' and Saturday night, as a valedictory, he presented 'The Gladiator,' with the same cast as on Monday night. On Nov. 2 Mr. J. L. Toole is announced to appear, opening with 'Off the Line,' 'The Weavers' and 'Uncle Dick's Darling,' etc., including 'The Spitalfields Weaver.' The stellar attraction at the Holliday-street Theatre this week was Miss Ada Gray, who opened her engagement on the 26th with Gilbert's comedy of 'Charity,' playing to only fair business. The drama was produced in a creditable manner. Miss Gray is a fair emotional actress, and possesses a fair talent, but has failed to awaken any great enthusiasm. In the play, as performed here, Ruth Tredgett was only a secondary character, the main interest of the audience being centered in Mrs. Vanburgh. Miss Gray would heighten the effect considerably by moderating her acting a little in one or two of the scenes, as, to our thinking, the character was overdrawn. Miss De Forrest, by the fine manner in which she represented Mrs. Vanburgh, gained the sympathy of the audience, and held it throughout. Miss Stockman's Eve Vanburgh was a very creditable representation. This young lady has improved much in the last year, chiefly by her own personal exertion and hard study. Mr. Price's make-up and acting of Mr. Smalley was very well done, and Mr. Lanagan's Dr. Athelney, the colonial bishop, was almost perfection. On Wednesday and Thursday nights 'The Adventuress' was given, with Miss Gray in the dual characters of Ruth Langdon and Mrs. Halstead. The peculiar unnaturalness that was noticeable in 'Charity' was not apparent, but on the contrary Miss Gray's rendition of the two characters was brimful of feeling and dramatic fire. On Friday, for her benefit, she impersonated Lady Isabel and Madame Vine in 'East Lynne,' with true effect. On Saturday, the closing night of her engagement, she enacted Lucretia Borgia in the drama of that name. Mr. Chanfran is announced for Nov. 2, in 'Kit the Arkansas Traveler.' .....The new arrivals at the Front-street Theatre on Oct. 26 were Miss Louise Sylvester, protean actress; Barney Kemble's and Miss Lizzie Shelton, specialists; and Foley and Wade, Ethiopian comedians. Barney Reynolds in his budget of songs was quite good. Reynolds is also a fair comedian. Miss Lizzie Shelton in her skipping-rope dance and in her duets with Barney Reynolds was well received. Foley and Wade in their Ethiopian specialties were excellent. These gentlemen have got the gymnastic style of song-and-dance down to a fine point. Mlle. Zoe produced some new acts on the trapeze, and Miss Maggie Gray sang some new ballads and are said to be out of funds.

THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE has been leased by the Kiralfy Brothers, who intend running it as a spectacular theatre. They have purchased from Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer the right to perform "The Black Crook" in this city, during the term of their contract, and will shortly commence a season there with that spectacle.

CAPITALISTS are referred to Col. T. Allston Brown's card in another column. Mr. Brown offers for sale all interest in the dramatic agency which he has established at 9 West Fourth street, and he is prepared to invest $5,000 in any good theatrical speculation for next season. The Academy of Music, Pittsburg, Pa., can also be rented through his agency.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., our correspondent, under date of Oct. 24, writes as follows: "The theatres, although well attended, have not offered anything to call for extended critical notice. The various attractions were of a somewhat hackneyed order, the manner rather than the matter of the performances possessing interest for the dramatic chronicler. At the California Theatre, Frank Mayo, who is probably now fulfilling the greatest engagement that has yet marked his career, appeared as Badger, during his third week, on every night. The production at this time of 'The Streets of New York' is not a subject of momentous import. Under ordinary circumstances the play would not meet with deep consideration, but now it has acquired new interest from being animated by the charm of Mr. Mayo's acting. He plays Badger with a fine mingling of power and humor, and his performance, while by no means fresh to our stage, has been received with the heartiness that generally waits upon novelty. The support that Mr. Mayo received was very good in a number of instances. The elements of the cast were for the most part familiar, and require no comment; but it is fitting to say there was an effective, unpretending pathos in Nelson Decker's Paul Fairweather, and unbounded spirits and fun in Miss Jenny Lee's Bob the bootblack. Those were new performances, and came to notice very gracefully. The remainder of the cast included Walter Leman's Capt. Fairweather, John Wilson's Bloodgood, Wm. Barry's Puffy, Robert Pateman's Dan, J. P. Burnett's Mark Livingstone, Rosa Rand's Lucy, Sophie Edwin's Mrs. Fairweather, Belle Chapman's Alida, and Mrs. Judah's Mrs. Puffy. Next week Mr. Mayo will appear in 'Griffith Gaunt,' 'Man and Wife' and 'The Marble Heart.' The cast of the last piece will include Mayo as Raphael, Barton Hill as Volage, Miss Pateman as Marco, and Miss Rand as Marie. Mrs. Booth, better known on our theatre-goers as Agnes Berry, will begin a short engagement on Nov. 2. She will be succeeded by the Florences.....An improved attendance was very noticeable at Maguire's Theatre this week, where the attractions consisted of Mr. James Herne's Solon Shingle, Miss Fay Templeton's Parepa Rosa, and Mr. Thomas Whiffen and Miss Blanche Galton in Offenbach's sketch of 'The Blind Beggars.' The two last-named performers made their first appearance, and their efforts were the only ones that had any claim upon attention as novelties. Both made amusing impressions, Mr. Whiffen especially attracting favorable notice, not only for his bright face, but for his undoubted taste and intelligence. 'Mons. Alphonse' will be produced on the 25th, with new scenery and a carefully selected cast.....Maguire's Opera-house still moves on the wheels of fortune, and Haverly's Minstrels are certainly enjoying a wonderfully prosperous season. The principal incidents of the week were the reappearance of Rickards, the character vocalist, and the benefit on the 23d to Lottie. Billy Rice is announced for a benefit on the 30th.....Miss Amy Stone closed her engagement at the Varieties, Portland, Oregon, on the 24th.....Mlle. Marie Zoe has fulfilled engagements with Mr. John Piper at Virginia and Carson Cities.....A performance was given at San Mateo on the 19th for the benefit of the organ fund of St. Mathew's Church. The performers were Miss Effie Wilton of the California Theatre; Frank Gilder, pianist; Alfred Wilkie, tenor; Danl. O'Connell, editor of *The Bohemian*; P. Henry McGowan, editor of *San Mateo Times*; T. L. Johns, editor of *Figaro*; correspondent of *Wilkes' Spirit*; and correspondent of *New York Clipper*. The receipts were over $800.....Mr. Frank Gilder's seventy-fifth and last popular concert was given at Platt's Hall, San Francisco, on the 23d, when hundreds were turned away from the doors."

EDMUND COLES' "BLACK FIEND" COMBINATION includes the following company and officers: Andrew Jaques, Louis Mesdag, Louis Mesdag, jr., Louis Mesdag, Messrs. Merton, Brown and Sinclair, the Misses Millie Fulmer, F. Wells, M. Hardy and Harold, specialty artists; Annetti Galletti, dancer; Florence Merton, vocalist; Edward Aldine, "musical wonder;" Miss Aldine, plate-spinner; Madeline Hardy, serio-comic; John Ritter, violinist; Fanny Forrest, female Hal Pennie Harold, Gertie Rawlings and Maggie Fox. Manager, Edmund Coles; F. C. Wells, advance agent; and Frank Roland, advertising agent. They are billed at Hartford, Ct., Nov. 2, Pawtucket, R. I., 3, Milford, Mass., 4, Clinton 5, Marlboro' 6, Lynn 7, Lowell 9.

MISS BLANCHE DE VERE is now open for engagements in J. W. Wallace's dramas, "Dark Deeds" and "Between Two Fires," supported by Chas. C. King. Address as per Manager Wallace's card.

TWO GOOD UTILITY MEN are wanted to travel. See John F. Breyer's card.

THE CLEMO SISTERS, Clara and Alice, desire to form an engagement with a dramatic company or first-class combination. Elsewhere J. A. Coleman publishes a card of particulars.

STARS desiring dates are referred to Manager Ford's card in reference to the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md.

HOYT DILLON, supported by

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS in Cincinnati, O., to Oct. 31 are furnished by our correspondent as appended: "At Wood's Theatre, Edwin Adams opened on Monday in 'Othello.' 'Wild Oats' being given on Tuesday, 'Marble Heart' Wednesday, and 'Enoch Arden' the rest of the week. Mr. Adams played Iago in the first-named tragedy excellently, and received a support from W. H. Power as Othello, correct and spirited, that fairly rivaled his own effort. The Desdemona of Lizzie Pierson, Emilia of Jennie McClellan, and the assistance generally of W. P. Sheldon, L. F. Barrett, Frank Lord, H. H. Wood, H. C. Barton, F. T. Deneal, Mrs. Sheldon and others, was certainly good. The attendance opened moderately, but has enlarged as the week closed. Mr. Adams winds up Saturday, and will be succeeded on Nov. 2 by Mrs. F. B. Conwey, in 'Led Astray.' ... On the 9th comes Tony Denier, in 'Humpty Dumpty.'.... Janauschek, supported by her own traveling company, has been the attraction at the Grand Opera-house this week, and has done an excellent business. Her repertory has embraced 'Mary Stuart,' 'Octave Feuillet's 'Temptation,' 'The Earl of Essex,' 'Chesney Wold' and 'Deborah.' Madame Janauschek's improvement in English accentuation since her last visit has been marked, and her acting, as a consequence, is less stilted and labored, and therefore better. The company are thoroughly at home in their various supporting roles, and the pieces are played smoothly and ably. Messrs. Chaplin, Taylor, Bradley, Sefton, Minnie Monk, Kate Fletcher and Mrs. Preston being particularly noteworthy. They close Oct. 30, going to Terre Haute, Ind., Monday. Little Nell in 'No Name' succeeds for one week, to be followed by John McCullough.... At Pike's Opera-house Johnny Thompson has been playing all the week in his favorite pieces, 'Oh Hand,' 'Dixie' and 'Face to Face.' His audiences have resembled nightly an inverted pyramid, the gallery being crowded, balcony fairly full, and parquet floor light. Mr. Thompson's fine dialect imitations and capital songs-and-dances have of course delighted his admirers. He is nicely supported by his own traveling combination. They close with the week, going hence to Hamilton, Springfield, Newark, and over towards Wheeling, Va.... J. L. Toole will be the next star at Pike's, under Mr. Macauley's management, opening on Nov. 23..... At Robinson's Opera-house the Lichtmay German Opera Troupe have had a second week of rather light business, having given for this week 'Trovatore,' 'Stradella,' 'Norma,' 'Der Freischutz,' 'Jewess' and 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' They close this evening, and will be followed Nov. 2 by the Majiltons. On the 9th Katharine Randolph is to open..... Mrs. Macauley, supported by M. V. Lingham, H. H. Wood and a portion of Wood's company will make a three weeks' tour of the leading towns of Indiana and Illinois, opening on Nov. 2 at Richmond..... At the Stadt Theatre they are playing 'Rip Van Winkle' in German..... Mrs. A. Drake, the veteran actress, was in town the past week..... Harry Mitchell, heavy man here last season, passed through on Monday, en route to New Orleans."

CHICAGO, ILL., advices dated Oct. 29: "The event of the week in dramatic circles has been the production of Bartley Campbell's new melodrama, 'The Virginian,' which was presented, for the first time on any stage, at Hooley's Theatre on Oct. 26. 'The Virginian' is a five-act play, with scene located in the mountain district of Pennsylvania, close to the West Virginia line. The plot turns on an incident of the war, and its story is as follows:

The opening scene (1861) discloses Cromwell Calvert and Jingle sitting in a room at the inn, discussing the war over a bottle of wine. Jingle, who is a Scotchman, sings a song. Kate Calvert enters, and makes known her anxiety for her husband, Richard, to whom she had been married but four months when he enlisted, and who a regiment is reported to have been engaged in the Battle of Fairfax, a few days before. Cromwell Calvert goes to the village for news, and Jingle stops to make drunken love to Jemima. While they are thus engaged Van Vernon enters and interrupts their fun, and at once orders some refreshment. He tells in a frank, hearty and ingenuous way where he is from, who he is, and what, because his dying mother, who came from the North, exacted from him a pledge never to fight against his country, he had joined the Confederate Army of the Virginia border, and proud of the fact that his head is not crammed with knowledge he cannot use practically. While he is taking his lunch Kate Calvert enters, and the Virginian at once betrays a marked but respectful admiration. He is invited to put up for the night, and does so. While he is yet in the room, John Pennington comes with the intelligence of Richard Calvert's death on the battle-field. The wife swoons, and the curtain descends on Act I. Four years elapse, and the second act discloses a neat but comfortable home, Van Vernon and Kate Calvert married, and three years old with them, and Lou Manning and Charley Knox, very much in love and given to petty quarrels with each other, helping to celebrate Van's birthday. The dinner being over, a stranger stops to have a shoe fastened on his horse. He asks a drink of water, and when Kate brings it to him they recognize each other as man and wife, the stranger being Richard Calvert, just escaped from a rebel prison in the trans-Mississippi district. The curtain descends on a powerful tableau, and the second act is over. The third act witnesses the return of Richard, for the Virginian is determined that all shall be honest and fair. Jingle is called in to explain some legal points for Van, and has a chance to prove a most unique strain of character. As Kate is about to depart with Richard, who, by the way, is very rough and ill-mannered, Van appears, and resolves to keep the child; another thrilling situation, and the curtain goes the bell. The fourth act finds Kate installed at Richard Calvert's home, Jemima having accompanied her in the capacity of domestic. Jingle calls to see Jemima, and the conversation makes it evident that all is not serene in the Calvert family. An arrangement exists whereby Kate is to be permitted to go to Van Vernon's, eleven miles away, on New Year's Day, and the sixteenth of August of each year, to see her child. This arrangement Richard occludes to disregard, and, the sixteenth of August arriving, he refuses to let her go. Entering upon reasoning, and Kate not come, Van takes the child and goes to Calvert's, thinking Kate unwell. Arriving, he overhears stormy words in Kate's room, and conceals himself the child toward the adjoining quarter. Coming on the scene together the wife determined to go and see her child, Richard Calvert threatens to kill her, resorting finally to violence. Van Vernon rushes forth and rescues the mother of his child, and the ruffian husband is beaten back, while Van Vernon descends on a very animated picture. Act the fifth takes place the following New Year's Day. Cromwell Calvert has died meantime, and Richard has promised his mistress to let his wife see the child twice a year, at agreed upon. He has, however, become a drunkard, and again refuses his wife the permission to go. Van and the child, Charley Knox, Jingle, Lou Manning, Jingle's daughter Kate (now once the spunky Jemima, are all at Van's house, awaiting Kate. Her drunken husband keeps her at home, and her friends wait all night long, and finally, on Monday, approaches, give up her coming. All retire save Van, who, sitting in bitter meditation, hears a voice calling him from without. Recognizing in it Kate's, he rushes out, and she having stolen away from home at dark and walked eleven miles through the snow to see her darling. The mother having nearly perished from exposure and weariness, this exertion and exposure proves too much for her, and she expires in Van's arms before he can call the child. The tragedy has scarcely left her body before Richard Calvert in a drunken frenzy stumbles into the house, loudly demanding the return of his wife to her home. Van exclaims "Hush! Heaven has canceled your claim, sir. She is at home." And the curtain drops for the last time on an affecting tableau.

The original cast of characters is as follows: Vandyke Vernon, the Virginian, James O'Neil; Richard Calvert, Nate Salsbury; Ananias Jingle, W. H. Crane; Cromwell Calvert, Geo. Ryer; Charley Knox, Dan Fitzpatrick; John Pennington, H. M. Brown; Jack, G. A. Dunbar; Kate Calvert, Louise Hawthorne; Lou Manning, Minnie Doyle; Jemima Jenkins, Mrs. Fred Williams; Little Hattie, Lillie Hamilton. Mr. O'Neil has the lion of the play. The Virginian is a truly noble man, even handed, just, honorable and generous, whose frank, hearty manner and manly speech make him the admiration of all. The author has made him a little too erudite and glib for a blacksmith, as Ida Jenkins's average, else the Virginian may turn up in some later play of the author as a second Emerson or Robt. Collyer. Mr. O'Neil carried the part through admirably, and it is doubtful if the character could have fallen in more able hands for an original delineation. W. H. Crane has a very unique part to play. They lawyers are well-known patterns on the stage. Save in the matter of attitudes, which, however, cannot differ much until man be remodeled, Mr. Crane treated the part in an original manner. Geo. Ryer was a capital Cromwell Calvert; blunt, proud, and jealous of the names Cromwell and Calvert. Mr. Nate Salsbury portrayed a most ungrateful character in a conscientious and artistic manner. As a returned prisoner he was especially good; Nate has been there. Mr. Fitzpatrick did a very clever piece of acting as the low-strain Charley Knox, singing a song and dancing effectively. Mr. Browne as Pennington and Mr. Dunbar as Jack were careful and correct. Miss Hawthorne was tender and pathetic, and thoroughly motherly in the passionate scenes, where she plead for her little one's smiles and caresses. Miss Doyle's acting was admirable, and she bids fair to become a great favorite. Mrs. Fred Williams was just as pleasing, natural and artistic as an actress could be. She paid particular attention to harmony of dress and line of action. It being her first appearance for many weeks, because of severe illness, she was enthusiastically received, and was complimented with a large basket of natural flowers. Little Lillie Hamilton did quite as well as the child Hattie. The incidental music was good, and so was the scene-setting, except in the fourth act, where a French parlor-scene was made to represent a parlor in Richard Calvert's house. True, Calvert boasts of having surrounded his wife with every luxury, but that does not imply such a parlor in the mountains of Southwest Pennsylvania. The language of the play is natural and easy, except in the matter of the poetic effusions by the Virginian already noted. The situations are excellent, and the climaxes very thrilling and powerful, each tableau being encored, and the artists were recalled after the fourth act. The play, however, ends in a very unpleasant manner. The sympathy of the audience is entirely with the unfortunate wife, who is compelled to open a door to husband, with whom she has lived four happy years, and to whom she has borne a child, and go with one whom she knew as husband but four months, and whom the rigors and privations of a rebel prison-camp, combined with a use of liquor, have transformed into a brute. They do not want that sympathy outraged by seeing their heroine die right before their eyes. The audience would prefer to have the drunken husband fall in a snow drift on chasing his wife, and be brought on at the close a frozen corpse. Then all would be serene, happiness would be restored, and the audience go away satisfied. Mr. Campbell was complimented with a call after the close of the play. 'The Virginian' was played all day on Saturday, and to-night (Monday) 'Hamlet' will constitute the bill..... Miss Katharine Randolph made her first appearance at the Academy of Music on Oct. 26, as Juliet. The lady gives a very fair representation of the character, but her support in one or two leading instances was inferior—the part of the Nurse, for instance, being materially marred by the effort of Miss Randolph's efforts. Romeo was an unfortunate role for Mr. Piercy to assume for a first appearance. Almost all playgoers have an ideal Romeo in the person of some favorite actor with whom they compare every new artist they meet. Besides this, Mr. Piercy was playing with strange people on a strange stage and before a strange audience; therefore he is justly entitled to leniency. Mr. Buckley made only a fair Mercutio. The remainder of the cast was very good. On Tuesday night 'Pygmalion and Galatea' was presented, and things were quite out of tune. The mechanical effects refused to do their duty, the memorizing of Mr. Piercy was faulty, and the make-up of most of the characters gave evidence of a lack of care. Miss Rachel Noah, however, made a hit as Cynisca. It was her first appearance, and she quickly gave evidence of the qualities that go to make up a superior actress. Miss Randolph looks and acts a charming Galatea, but her accentuation was rather strange. Mr. Piercy did not feel at home as Pygmalion, and his best friend was the sculptor. Mr. Buckley as Antippe looked and talked like a warrior. Mr. Johnson as Chyses and Miss Annie Douglass as Daphne sustained the humors of the piece acceptably. 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' much improved, holds the boards until to-night, Oct. 29, when 'Mary Leigh' will be substituted for it, and will continue through the week. Monday next, Nov. 2, W. J. Florence commences an engagement..... Miss Carlotta Leclercq is playing a fair engagement at McVicker's Theatre. 'East Lynne' was produced Oct. 26, 27, and for the remainder of the week 'The School for Scandal' has been the attraction, chiefly because of the assumption of the role of Sir Peter by Manager McVicker. The honors of the production are evenly divided, as the cast is an exceptionably strong one, differing from the usual cast only in the roles of Lady Teazle, Sir Peter and Charles Surface, Mr. Hardie playing the last named in a cast where O'Neil was wont to shine. Miss Leclercq's acting is too well known to require mention, and she certainly has no cause to complain of her support. She will remain another week. Little Belle Bray, formerly of Edwin Browne's troupe, was especially engaged for child's parts during the Leclercq season, and the little lady gives evidence of talent.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, supported by Mr. Geo. Vandenhoff and the dramatic company of Booth's Theatre, New York, will play a week's engagement at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, commencing Nov. 9. The repertoire for the week includes "Henry III," "Macbeth" and "Guy Mannering."

MR. J. L. TOOLE and his company gave a performance on the afternoon of Oct. 30 for the entertainment of the inmates of the insane department of Blockley Asylum, Philadelphia.

MRS. J. A. OATES and her Comic Opera Troupe commenced a week's engagement at the Richmond Va., Theatre, on Oct. 26. Mrs. Oates appeared during the week in "Madame Angot's Child," "Pretty Perfumer," "Grand Duchess," "Les Bavards," "Mignonette." There is a decided improvement in the troupe, and several strong additions have been made since they were last here. Friday evening the members of Co. F., 1st Virginia Regiment, presented Mrs. Oates with a mammoth bouquet, the same company having paid her a similar compliment in Washington a few weeks ago. The attendance nightly has been the largest of the season. Mlle. Zoe the Cuban Sylph will open for two nights Nov. 2. The theatre will be occupied the rest of the week by J. H. Haverly's Minstrels. Letter dated Oct 31.

AT THE MEMPHIS, TENN., THEATRE, E. L. Davenport, supported by John E. Owens' dramatic company, is presenting to our citizens a series of legitimate tragedies. Crowded houses have been nightly the largest of the season. Mlle. Zoe the Cuban Sylph will open for two nights Nov. 2. The theatre will be occupied the rest of the week by J. H. Haverly's Minstrels. Letter dated Oct 31.

TALENT is wanted at the Grand Central Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y. See card.

A CARD, signed by the performers at the Fall River, Mass., Novelties, will be found in our business department, contradicts the rumors circulated in regard to the financial condition of that house.

MISS KITTY BROOKE, serio-comic vocalist, publishes elsewhere a list of her songs, which she has had copyrighted, and thereby prohibits their use without her permission.

MAYNARD & MUNSON, proprietors of Orchestrion Hall, New Haven, Ct., highly compliment Miss Carrie Woods, serio-comic vocalist, now performing there, and recommend her as a drawing card. See advertisement.

MISS ADAH RICHMOND can be addressed as per card.

MANAGER WEEKS publishes a card in reference to the non-appearance of Watty Morgan and Maggie Hughes at the Germania Varieties, Scranton, Pa. Variety artists are wanted at this house, ladies especially.

PERFORMERS in all branches of the variety business are wanted, as per card of Manager O'Toole of the Odeon Varieties, Philadelphia.

GRIMALDI ADAMS is to commence a two weeks' engagement at Myers' Opera-house, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 9.

MISS SALLIE ST. CLAIR, dancer, is lying very ill with brain fever at Lebanon, Pa.

PIERCE AND SHIELDS, song-and-dance, and Hattie Pierce, vocalist, opened at the Theatre Comique, Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 26.

AT THE GERMANIA VARIETIES, Scranton, Pa., Hank Miller reappeared on Oct. 26. George and Cherry Garland closed 31, to join Cook's English Combination. The new stars for Nov. 2 are Shaffer and Nelson and Julia Bennett.

HERRMANN'S NOVELTY COMBINATION was at Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 26, 27, Winona 28, 29, Janesville, Wis, 30, 31, and will be at Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 2, 3, 4. Business is reported good, and the combination consists of Prof. Herrmann, magician; J. B. Johnson, the champion swimmer; Addie Searcey and Lille Francis, velocipede riders; and Baker and Doyle, song-and-dance. Business agent, Chas. T. Atwood, whose address is care of this office.

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JAS. GREEN of Green and Sadler, song-and-dance artists, publishes a card in reference to the authorship of the song-and-dance "Happy Contrabands," stating also that the act was written and copyrighted by himself. He also gives a list of acts, etc., written subsequently to that one.

THE AINSLEYS, song-and-dance artists, are re-engaged to appear at the Howard Athenæum in November. They publish elsewhere a number of press notices praising their performances.

SHERIDAN, MACK & DAY'S COMBINATION performed at Trenton, N. J., Oct. 30, Paterson 31. Route: Norwalk, Ct., Nov. 2, Danbury 3, Bridgeport 4, New Haven 5, Waterbury 6. The company now includes Sheridan and Mack, Sig. Constantine, Lester and Allen, Dan Devere, Alecia Jourdan, the Boshell Sisters, the Stuart Sisters, Mlle. Eveline and Prof. Mender's brass and string band. Charles H. Day is the business manager; W. S. Irving, general agent; and James H. Gillespie, advertising agent.

GEORGE NORTON AND GEORGE GORMAN, Ethiopian comedians, specialty artists and song-and-dance men, are at liberty, and can be engaged as per card.

TALENT is wanted at the Grand Central Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y. See card.

A CARD, signed by the performers at the Fall River, Mass., Novelties, will be found in our business department, contradicts the rumors circulated in regard to the financial condition of that house.

MISS KITTY BROOKE, serio-comic vocalist, publishes elsewhere a list of her songs, which she has had copyrighted, and thereby prohibits their use without her permission.

MAYNARD & MUNSON, proprietors of Orchestrion Hall, New Haven, Ct., highly compliment Miss Carrie Woods, serio-comic vocalist, now performing there, and recommend her as a drawing card. See advertisement.

MISS ADAH RICHMOND can be addressed as per card.

MANAGER WEEKS publishes a card in reference to the non-appearance of Watty Morgan and Maggie Hughes at the Germania Varieties, Scranton, Pa. Variety artists are wanted at this house, ladies especially.

PERFORMERS in all branches of the variety business are wanted, as per card of Manager O'Toole of the Odeon Varieties, Philadelphia.

GRIMALDI ADAMS is to commence a two weeks' engagement at Myers' Opera-house, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 9.

MISS SALLIE ST. CLAIR, dancer, is lying very ill with brain fever at Lebanon, Pa.

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THE LEGAL RATE OF POSTAGE ON THE CLIPPER addressed to its regular subscribers is 20 cents per annum, or 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance. Subscribers who receive their copies by letter-carriers will please hand the annual or quarterly postage to the carriers, taking their receipts. If any higher rates are demanded, report the facts to the local postmaster.

ADVERTISING under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.

Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news departments, 50 cents per line.

Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer in advance.

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CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

CLIPPER ALMANAC
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THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1875, which will be published in December, will doubtless have a large circulation, and our patrons will find it an invaluable medium for placing their business cards under the permanent notice of their customers, and proprietors of halls and operahouses will find an announcement in it a valuable adjunct to their standing advertisements in THE CLIPPER.

We are now prepared to receive advertisements at the following rates a nd on our usual cash terms: For one page, 7¼x4½in., $40; half a page, $20; quarter of a page, $10; a space of 25x31 ems agate, $5.

Advertisements should be sent in early so as to secure a good position.

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CONTRABAND CHILDREN.—Hearing that certain parties claim the authorship of the song-and-dance "HAPPY CONTRABANDS," better known as "THE CONTRABAND CHILDREN," I take this means of informing the profession, and the public generally, that such parties are frauds. The above-mentioned act, words and music were written by myself. I have since written the following songs-and-dances, which have been copyrighted: DANDY COLORED SWELLS. FASCINATING STYLE. LIVELY NIGS FROM TENNESSEE. DARKIES' HOLIDAY. It's Easy when You Know How It's Done. Any parties infringing on my copyright will be summarily dealt with. JAS. GREEN of GREEN AND SADLER.
32-1t* Song-and-dance artists.

E. W. TURNER WANTS A situation with some first-class company as assistant agent or programmer. Has traveled with the great Forepaugh Show for the past three years. Can furnish the best of recommendations. Address E. W. TURNER,
32-2t* Box 389, Akron, O.

SOUTHERN CIRCUIT.
MASONIC HALL, SAVANNAH, GA.
MASONIC TEMPLE,
FINEST HALL SOUTH OF BALTIMORE.
Well ventilated, gas, chairs and all modern improvements. Best location in the city. Seats 800. For open dates and terms address
32-9t* MANAGER, P. O. Box 198.

D. H. ELLIOTT,
of many years' experience as a Business Agent, and recently General Railway Agent Passenger Department, desires to re-engage with the Profession as advance or business agent. Is thoroughly familiar with all routes and towns in United States and Canadas. Could no doubt render any good manager efficient assistance. Can give any desired reference as to practical experience and energy.
D. H. ELLIOTT.
32-4t Present address, Chattanooga, Tenn.

GRAND CENTRAL
THEATRE,
BROOKLYN, E. D.
L. ROSARIO.....Manager
VARIETY TALENT WANTED AT ALL TIMES.
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GRAND OPERA-HOUSE,
HARRISBURG, PA.
Seating capacity, 1,500; steam-heated; ten dressing-rooms; first-class scenery, etc. For terms address JOS. F. KNIPE, Superintendent. 32-13t*

ILLUSIONS ON HAND.—FIRE King's Secret, $1. F. Baker, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Box 783. *

SOMMERFIELD HALL,
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA.
Only hall in the city; will seat 600; well lighted with gas; ticket office, dressing-rooms, scenery, foot-lights. RICHD L. HICKSON, Proprietor, Danville, Va. 32-6t*

ILLUST. HISTORY MULLIGAN GUARD; comic, 25c. S. A. DEGROFF, Rosendale, N.Y.!*

NOTICE.
To Managers or Stars desiring to negotiate for a most powerful play, adapted from Mr.
WILKIE COLLINS'
last great story, just completed in HARPER'S WEEKLY, entitled,
THE FROZEN DEEP!
Can arrange for the same on easy terms, by addressing the undersigned. The story is the most intensely interesting, as well as the most dramatic of Mr. Collins' novels, and affords great scope for scenic effects. The leading parts for both the lady and gentleman are great. The undersigned is also prepared to arrange for his adaptation—the only successful dramatization—of CHARLES DICKENS' last great work of the
MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.
Which created a great success in the principal cities of the Empire Province the past season. IMPORTANT SECURED. Address WM. H. YOUNG, Dramatist,
32-1t* 100 Herkimer street, Albany, N. Y.

MISS ADAH RICHMOND,
No. 47 SOUTH WASHINGTON SQUARE, New York City. All letters addressed to the above place until further notice. 32-1t*

LATEST STRAUSS WALTZES
FOR ORCHESTRA
Where the Citron Blooms Waltzes, Centennial Waltzes, Manuscript Waltzes, Tausend und eine Nacht Waltzes. Price of the above each: Full orchestra, $1 25 net; Small orchestra, 9 parts, 75c., net. Sent to any address postpaid upon receipt of marked price. WHITE,
32-2t* 80 Washington st., Boston, Mass.

SHOWMAN'S HOME,
CITY HOTEL,
Congress, cor. Green sts., PORTLAND, ME., within five minutes' walk of Ward's Opera-house and Portland Museum. Board from seven to ten dollars per week. Traveling Troupes $1.50 per day. J. K. MARTIN,
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WHO SPEAKS FIRST?
Variety and Negro Sketches, Burlesques, Farces, Acts, etc., also Sensation and Specialty Dramas, written by L. DE-VRAU, 118 South First st., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. 31-2t*

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SEATS 500.
Full set new drop scenery, good show town; population 3,000; one night $20, two nights $35, or one week $75.
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A YOUNG MAN WITH A GOOD Dutch and Ethiopian Dialect, a Good Singer, with costumes, would like an engagement. Address M. M., care CLIPPER Office.

NEW SONGS BY "GRACE."
"Yachting in the Bay," 40c. (Ded. to N. Y. Yacht Club.)
"Tommy will come back, I know," 30c. (Immense.)
Now being sung throughout the country.
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EVER SINCE WE CAME FROM THE WEST,
THE AINSLEYS, SONG-AND-DANCE ARTISTS,
in spite of big opposition have made a "hit" at the Howard Athenæum, and are re-engaged to appear again in November. PRESS NOTICES:
At Tony Pastor's Opera-house the Ainsleys appeared in Ethiopian songs-and-dances, and performed some very difficult acrobatic feats. Master Willie Ainsley, for his age, is one of the best dancers we have ever seen.—N. Y. CLIPPER.
Ned Ainsley is truly an elastic wonder, and Master Willie is without doubt a chip off the old block.—TROY BUDGET.
The Ainsleys then appeared in some of their songs-and-dances; and although laboring under a disadvantage, Ned having sprained his ankle, did themselves ample justice, and still hold the good opinion we have hitherto expressed of them.—MERCURY.
Willie and Ned Ainsley are certainly the most promising song-and-dance performers we have seen for years, and have a good prospect of "going to the head."—BOSTON DAILY GLOBE. All communications in care of CLIPPER office. 33-1t*

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